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THE STORY OF MONT BLANC

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"Mont Blanc is the Monarch of Mountains;
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."—BYRON.

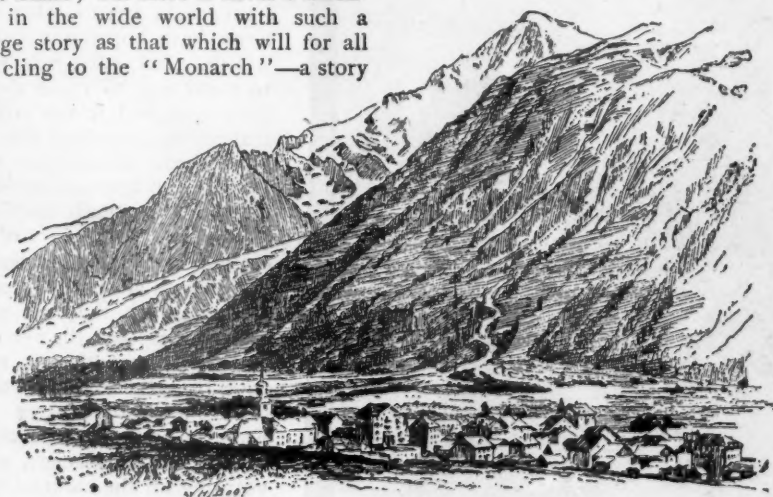
"Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky
Mont Blanc appears—still, snowy and serene—
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile round it, ice and rock."—SHELLEY.

THERE are higher mountains, and rugged mountains, and mountains more difficult of ascent than Mont Blanc; but there is never a mountain in the wide world with such a strange story as that which will for all time cling to the "Monarch"—a story

"Monarch of Mountains," and it well deserves the distinction, for it is unique, and proudly soars to the sky—

"In the wild pomp of mountain majesty."

Men and women from all parts of the world have come to pay it homage, and wherever there is civilization the name of Mont Blanc is known. At what period



CHAMONIX.

that is at once grim, tragic, pathetic and even comical and absurd; a story, too, in which love and heroism play a strange part; and in the annals of science no mountain occupies such a distinguished place. Mont Blanc falls far short of other mountains as regards height—Gaurisankar, in the Himalayas, for instance, being 29,000 feet. But, in spite of this, it has been aptly styled the

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this name was first bestowed upon it is not very clear. Certainly it was not so called in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In an atlas by Mercator, published in 1595, there is mention of the village of Chamonix, but Mont Blanc and its satellites are simply referred to under the general term of "Glaciers." One grows dumb as he thinks of the thousands of years, and tens of thousands, and hun-

dreds of thousands, and perhaps millions of years that the mighty dome of eternal snow has dominated the valley where Chamonix now stands. How small and paltry seem the affairs of man when compared with such an enduring monument of God's handiwork! As far back as the tenth century we read that a Priory stood at the foot of Mont Blanc. The valley



MONT BLANC.

at that time was well-nigh inaccessible, and for hundreds of years the Priors and holy brothers were undisturbed by the roar of the outer world, which reached not their solitude where the mighty mountain reigned supreme and changed not, though generation after generation of men came from the dust, lived their

day, and then went down into the dust again, and in a little while were remembered no more. Through all these centuries Mont Blanc was regarded as absolutely inaccessible. It was supposed that the cold was so intense that no living thing could possibly exist. It was regarded as a white world of death, whose silence would never be broken by any-

thing save the thundering roar of the avalanche. In 1762, however, there was born in the tiny village of Pellarius, at the foot of the Monarch, one Jacques Balmat, who was destined to break the spell of mystery that had surrounded the mountain from the beginning of time. Balmat's parents were the poorest of peasants, very humble and very ignorant. In their wildest dreams—if they indulged in dreams—they could never have hoped for fame or wealth. But what was wealth to them was to come through their son; and it was ordained that by his great deed the name of Balmat should go down through the ages and perish not until the mountain itself perishes from the face of the earth. Young Balmat was endowed with all the qualities that are found in the true mountaineer. He had the eye of an eagle, the strength and endurance of a lion, and the dauntless courage of a true man. From an early age he showed a love for the glaciers, and a yearning for the mountains. As he grew in years he displayed a talent for botanizing, and in his search for plants he would scale dizzy precipices, while no dweller in the whole of the

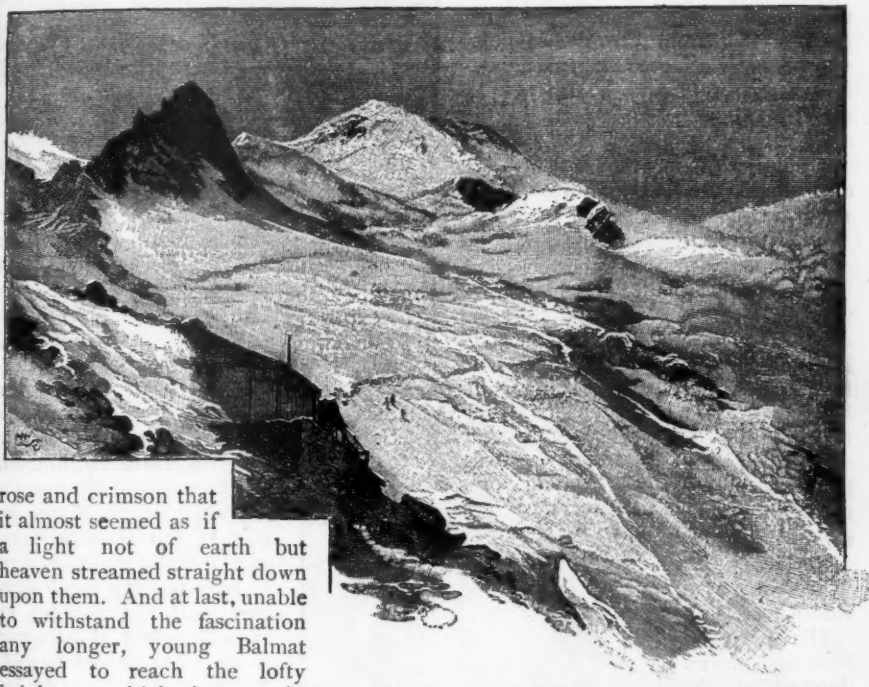
lovely valley had such an intuitive knowledge where to find the mountain crystals as he had.

Jacques was only a little more than twenty when he began to make excursions on the upper glaciers, and to express a desire to penetrate to Mont Blanc's frozen solitudes. The mountain

fascinated him. The more he looked at it the stronger grew the spell. His friends and neighbors told him that it were worse than madness, it was a tempting of Providence to even think of reaching those white regions of ice and snow. But he was undeterred. That dazzling dome that towered so far up into the thin blue air seemed to invite him to tread its virgin snows, which sometimes looked ghastly in their leaden pallor, and at others glowed with such a glory of

in the awful wilderness of snow and ice.

The Grand Plateau is an immense *cirque*, the bottom almost a level plain of about four acres and a half in extent, and situated 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is the playground of avalanches, and the birthplace of whirlwinds. It is a region of deadly cold and ghastly whiteness. When the sun shines on it the glare is blinding; and at night it is weird beyond the power of words to describe. Shelter there is none;



rose and crimson that it almost seemed as if a light not of earth but heaven streamed straight down upon them. And at last, unable to withstand the fascination any longer, young Balmat essayed to reach the lofty height on which the stars in their courses sometimes seemed

THE GRANDS MULETS AND PETIT PLATEAU, MONT BLANC.

to rest. But his first attempt was a failure, though he was not discouraged. He had in him the stern stuff that makes heroes; and it was death or glory with him. A little later, in company with some companions, he made another attempt, and succeeded in getting beyond what is known as the Grand Plateau, but here the courage of the others failed, and they decided to go back. Utterly undaunted, Balmat refused to descend with them, and decided on passing the night

and yet, on this plain of eternal snow the intrepid Balmat spent the night. When we think of this man, lost, as it were, in the middle of the vast and unknown solitude, and being well aware that whatever might happen no succor could ever reach him, our admiration for his wonderful courage must be boundless. He was the first human being who ever passed the night in that ice world, and what he suffered is best told in his own words:

"At last," he says, "the day began

to break. None too soon for me, for I was all but frozen, notwithstanding that I had rubbed myself vigorously, and performed the most ridiculous antics by way of keeping up the circulation. But still I was determined to continue my explorations."

He had noticed the day previous that a very rapid slope led to a mass of rocks cropping up through the ice, and which from their dark red color had been named the "Rochers Rouge." He now decided to endeavor to gain these rocks, being under the impression that from them the summit was perfectly accessible. He found, however, that the slope was solid ice, and in order to maintain his footing he had cut holes with his iron shod alpenstock. Quoting his own words he says:

"It was neither easy nor amusing to be suspended, as it were, upon one leg with a profound abyss below you, and nothing but a species of ice ladder to cling to. But by perseverance I succeeded at last in reaching the Red Rocks."

His hopes, however, were doomed to disappointment, for between him and the summit, which he so eagerly longed to gain, was a mighty and steep wall of ice, which it would have been impossible to have mounted without cutting hundreds of steps.

"I was stiff with cold," he continues, "and nearly dead with fatigue and hunger; and there was nothing for it but to go back. But now I felt certain that

when I returned, as return I would, and given fine weather, triumph would be mine."

So he retraced his steps, and when, after many more hours of peril, he regained his humble home, he was nearly blind, and scarcely able to move his limbs. He managed to take a little food, however, and then went to sleep, and did



"AN AVALANCHE HAD FALLEN."

not wake again for forty-eight hours.

He allowed several days to pass, during which he recouped his strength, and

kept his plans to himself, and he resolved to scale the mountain again alone, for now he felt absolutely certain that he would succeed in reaching the much coveted goal. But when he came to reflect, it occurred to him that though he did, his story would not be believed. He decided, therefore, to take into his confidence a certain Doctor Paccard, with whom he was acquainted, and who, unlike all the other people in the valley, had not ridiculed

his attempts to set his foot on the unsullied, white dome that soared up into the heavens nearly three miles above the sea.

Doctor Paccard had gained considerable reputation in his profession, and was no less distinguished as a naturalist and

geologist. He had often said in Balmat's presence that he wished he could gain the summit of Mont Blanc, as from that elevated position he would be able to see with a glance of the eye all the details of the structure of the high peaks that surrounded the giant of the Alps. So to Paccard the indomitable Balmat went, and laid his project before the *savant*, who readily consented to accompany him. Quietly and secretly the two made their preparations. All being ready, they took several other people into their confidence, and asked them to watch the mountain with telescopes, and make known their success, if success crowned their efforts, or send assistance in case of accident.

It was on the 7th of August, 1786, that the Doctor and Balmat set off separately, so as not to attract attention, but with an understanding that they were to meet at the foot of the mountain. Each carried his own provisions, reduced to the least possible weight and size. The first day passed without anything exciting, and they selected a spot under a great block of rock as a resting-place for the night. At daybreak they made another start and gained the glaciers, but lost considerable time in their attempts to turn huge crevasses that barred their path. At last they arrived at the foot of the Grands Mulets, and, after a short rest, continued their course towards the Dome du Gout, which they reached by zig-zagging up the frozen snow. They crossed the Little Plateau, and mounted over the *débris* of ice avalanches without accident, and found themselves on the Grand Plateau by about mid-day. Thence they scaled the ice slope known as the Mur de la Côte, and after two hours of tremendously hard work arrived at the Rochers Rouge. Up to this point they had not suffered much fatigue, nor had the rarity of the air caused them any inconvenience. But at this elevated spot they found that a terribly bitter wind was blowing with great violence from the north-east. To remain motionless was to be frozen to death on the spot, and so the two intrepid men determined to go on. But as they advanced their breathing became laborious, and this, added to fatigue, and the deathly cold, rendered their po-

sition extremely perilous. But it was triumph or death, for having come so far they would not return without accomplishing their object. Few men would have persevered in the face of such difficulties, but Paccard and Balmat knew



LOWERED INTO THE CREVASSE.

no such word as fail. The summit, on which human foot had never yet trod, was above them, and they would stand on its virgin snows or die. So upward and onward they went, the cruel, icy

wind freezing their very marrow; but such courage, such perseverance, such devotion, were bound to meet with their reward, and at six o'clock on the evening of August 8, 1786, the Colossus of the Alps was beneath the feet of the intrepid travellers, and for the first time in the history of the world the highest snows of the White Mountain were pressed by the foot of man. When we remember how little was known in those days of the physical laws that govern high Alpine altitudes, and how ill provided the travellers were for such a perilous expedition, Paccard's and Balmat's feat is the more remarkable; and the imperishable fame it earned for them was well deserved.

Although they were entranced with the marvellous panorama that was unrolled before their eyes, and elated to an extraordinary degree by their triumph, the two brave men were compelled to

that he was blind, and had to be led by his faithful companion, but they succeeded in reaching the village in safety, and had the satisfaction of being informed by their friends, who had undertaken to keep a look-out, that, by the aid of a powerful telescope, they had been observed standing on the summit.

The news of the first ascent of the mountain that had hitherto been deemed absolutely inaccessible soon spread, and reached the ears of the celebrated *savant*, De Saussure, then a comparatively young man, and residing in Geneva, his birth-place. Fired with the desire to accomplish the ascent himself, and make scientific observations from the summit, De Saussure started for Chamonix in July, 1787. For nearly four weeks, however, the weather was atrocious, and the journey could not be attempted. But at last, on August 1, the great scientist started with a formidable caravan, consisting of a



FROZEN TO DEATH.

beat a hasty retreat, owing to the intensity of the cold, which was rendered unbearable by the high wind. And so they retraced their steps, and being overtaken with darkness, they were forced to pass another night on the mountain. The next morning Paccard's eyes were so inflamed with the reflection of the snow

body servant and eighteen guides. Besides numerous meteorological instruments, a large tent was carried, and a great quantity of provisions. The first night was passed at the foot of the mountain, and the second night high up in the snows, where some of the guides began to funk, and expressed a fear that

they would all perish, owing to the intense cold, which they said no human being could stand, notwithstanding Balmat and Paccard had endured it the preceding year. De Saussure thereupon told them to make a large excavation in the snow, and over this the tent was placed. Every opening was carefully stopped up, with the result that the cold

success by hoisting a flag, and having done this, he turned his attention to the panorama. He says:—

"A light vapor was suspended in the lower regions, and obstructed the view over the plains of France and Lombardy ;



THE MER-DE-GLACE, MONT BLANC.

was not felt. But the *savant* himself found the air under the tent insupportable, owing to the heat of the men's bodies and their breath, and in the dead of night he went outside to breathe the untainted air of heaven. He says the moon was shining with extraordinary brilliancy, from a sky of ebony blackness. The scene was solemn and impressive, and though the cold was intense, it was not unbearable. Early the following morning the journey was resumed, and after many hours of laborious climbing the summit was gained.

It was a proud moment for the enthusiastic scientist. His wife, two sisters and a son were in Chamonix, and he had promised them that he would signal his

but I did not much regret this when I saw that all of the great summits of the peaks I had so long desired to know were perfectly clear. I could scarcely believe my own eyes. I seemed to be in a dream as I gazed on the majestic and redoubtable peaks of the Midi, the Argentière, and the Géant, which seemed to be at my very feet."

While De Saussure was surveying the wondrous scene, his attendants were busy putting up the tent, and arranging the instruments, and as soon as they were ready, he got to work to record his impressions and to make observations. But, according to his own account, his breathing was so difficult that he was compelled to repeatedly pause in his labors. Respi-

ration was short and quick, and the circulation of the blood was so accelerated that he seemed to be in a fever. All his attendants suffered more or less in the same way.

Three hours and a half were spent on the summit, and preparations were then made for the descent, which was accomplished without any great difficulty, and it may be said that science was enriched by the expedition.

For twenty-seven years, De Saussure says, it had been the dream of his life to reach the summit of Mont Blanc, and he had accomplished it at last.

Strangely enough, although tourists now began to visit the valley of Chamonix, fifteen years passed without an ascent of the great mountain being made. Men could not altogether get over the fear that the "Monarch" inspired them with, and though Balmat, Paccard, De Saussure and his nineteen followers had shown the way up, no one else was found

bold enough to essay the climb during those fifteen years, until an Englishman by the name of Woolley or Woldley undertook it, and reached the summit.

In 1795 Humboldt was in Chamonix, but strangely enough showed no disposition to follow in the footsteps of the eminent Genevois. After Woldley's there does not appear to have been any other ascent until 1802, when two Swiss accomplished it in company with a guide named Victor Tairraz. Seven years later this guide yielded to the entreaties of a young woman, named Marie Paradis, a native of the valley. She was twenty-two years of age, and for a long time had tried to induce some of the guides to

accompany her up Mont Blanc. But they had resolutely refused, saying that she must be mad to dream of such a thing.

But Marie was not so daunted, and accompanied by Victor Tairraz, the brave and hardy little woman won the proud distinction of being the first of her sex to scale the snow-clad giant. There was another interval of time, and in August, 1820, Chamonix was visited by a Doctor Hamel, in the service of the Emperor of Russia. He had gone to the valley on a scientific mission, and one part of his programme was the ascension of Mont Blanc, for which he at once began to make preparations. At Geneva he had met two English gentlemen, who expressed a wish to accompany him, to which

he gladly assented. Ten guides were engaged for the expedition, which was destined to be a memorable and a disastrous one. One of these guides, Joseph Marie Cottet, was still living in 1865, and we cannot do better than give the particulars of this remarkable



MONUMENT TO BALMAT AND DE SAUSSURE, CHAMONIX.

ascent in his own words:

"We left Chamonix on Friday, the 18th of August, 1820. Our party consisted of the Russian, Doctor Hamel, two Englishmen, six guides, and three or four porters. We made our first halt at the rocks of the Grands Mulets. The weather was very threatening, and we were compelled to remain at our resting place for twenty-four hours. When Sunday came the weather was no better, but Doctor Hamel said that he did not intend to miss his opportunity, and he insisted on the journey being continued. Some of the men, however, decided to return to Chamonix, and the caravan was reduced to ten persons—the three travellers

and seven guides. We started on our upward course at four o'clock in the morning. We traversed the Grand Plateau with great difficulty owing to the freshly fallen snow. We were compelled to go in single file, and were constantly menaced with avalanches, while *détours* were necessary in order to avoid the crevasses of the great glaciers. The caravan was led by Pierre Balmat, Auguste Tairraz, and Pierre Carrier, who had to cut steps in the ice with their axes. Suddenly there arose a cry of 'We are lost!' as a tremendous roar was heard over our heads, and we were swept down with the tremendous rapidity of lightning into an abyss six hundred feet below. An avalanche had fallen. I recovered my sense and regained my feet, and not being much hurt I immediately did what I could to succor my companions. Seeing two arms sticking out of the snow I went for them, and found they were the arms of my brother, David Cottet, whom I rescued. We then set to work to try and rescue the others. We saw one of the Englishmen—Colonel Anderson—emerge from the snow, wringing his hands in despair. Doctor Hamel and the other Englishman were also safe, but Pierre Balmat, Pierre Carrier, and Auguste Tairraz were nowhere to be seen. Although our axes and alpenstocks were covered with ice, and our fingers were frozen stiff, we dug in the snow in search of our poor companions until at last Doctor Hamel said: 'It is useless, they will live no more in this world. We can do nothing for them.' The instinct of self-preservation prompted us to lose no time in descending; and with unutterable sorrow we left our companions in their nameless graves. Two of the victims left wives and families. Great indignation was expressed against Doctor Hamel for having insisted on continuing the ascent in such bad weather, and he lost no time in quitting the valley. The two Englishmen gave a considerable sum of money for the families of the victims." In one of his ballads Schiller says, "The crevasse returns not its prey;" but science was to prove the falsity of this; for the celebrated geologist, Doctor Forbes, predicted in 1858 that in about

forty years from the time of the accident, the great glacier where the catastrophe had taken place would give up its dead, and this prediction was strikingly verified.

On August 15, 1861, it was the National fête, and the people were leaving the church where a solemn Mass had been held, when a Chamonix guide, breathless and dust-stained, arrived at the house of the Mayor, bearing on his shoulders a sack containing a number of human remains. He had found them at the tongue of the Glacier de Bossous, which streams down into the valley from Mont Blanc. An inquiry was at once opened, and a medical examination left not a shadow of doubt that the remains were those of the guides who had perished in a crevasse of the glacier in 1820. The flesh had been so perfectly preserved by the ice that it was lifelike, and a leg of mutton which one of the three guides had carried, was, when first taken out of the ice, absolutely sweet and fresh, but on exposure to the air soon went bad. Some of the survivors of the catastrophe identified their comrades without any difficulty. In addition to these human relics, their hats and clothes were recovered, also a part of a tin lantern, and a wing of a pigeon. Doctor Hamel had taken a cage of pigeons with him, with a view of liberating them at various altitudes. When Doctor Hamel heard that the remains had been recovered, he cynically suggested they should be placed in a museum at Chamonix, and they would attract thousands of travellers to the place. It is needless to say this proposal was not carried out, at any rate not altogether, for all the remains were buried, with the exception of a foot which was placed in the museum at Annecy, where it may still be seen under a glass case.

In October, 1834, the mountain was ascended by Count Henri De Tilly, who had formerly been an officer of dragoons. He had ascended Etna, and was ambitious of doing Mont Blanc. He succeeded, but narrowly escaped coming to grief; as it was, he and his guides suffered very much, and he had his feet frost-bitten. Eighteen years after the catastrophe of 1820, a Swiss lady,

Mademoiselle D'Angeville, expressed a desire to emulate Marie Paradis' feat, and reach the summit of Mont Blanc. Unlike the hardy Marie, who had been born and reared amongst the mountains Mademoiselle D'Angeville was a delicate, fragile young woman, but of a romantic and excitable temperament. Having resolved to attempt the ascent she repaired to Chamonix, and changing her feminine costume for that of a man she started with four guides, and after tremendous fatigue, which she bore well, she reached the summit, and there she insisted on the guides hoisting her on their shoulders in order that she might say she had been higher than Mont Blanc. This lady died in 1872, at the age of 62.

At intervals between the date of Mademoiselle D'Angeville's ascent and 1851 there were various ascents, though none very noteworthy. But in the latter year Albert Smith gained the summit, and afterwards popularized—if he did not vulgarize—Mont Blanc by his lectures. Three years later a third woman—an English lady named Hamilton—climbed the mountain; and two years after that event a Miss Forman ascended in company with her father; and in 1857 Professor Tyndall added his illustrious name to the roll of successful climbers.

The next accident that took place was that of 1864, when a young porter named Ambroise Couttet lost his life through his own stupidity. Refusing to be roped, he broke through a crust of snow that covered a profound crevasse, and was never seen again. A companion, in the hope of recovering the body at least, insisted on being lowered into the crevasse by means of a rope attached to his waist. He went down for eighty feet, but as there were no signs of the bottom, and as he was losing his breath owing to the rarity of the air in the profound abyss of ice, he signalled to be drawn up, and on reaching the surface he was greatly exhausted. A bottle attached to a cord was next lowered for over two hundred feet, without touching bottom. When it was drawn up again it was thickly encased in ice, thereby proving that no human being could long survive in that icy chamber.

In 1866 the Great Mountain again exacted his tribute of victims, but this accident was also due to foolhardiness. In that year Sir George Young and his two brothers, James and Albert, insisted on making the ascent without guides. They succeeded in reaching what is now known as the "The Corridor," when they slipped and shot down an ice slope for about 1,800 feet. Two of them were but little injured by this fearful fall, but the third was killed. The accident was witnessed from Chamonix by means of the telescopes, which are always directed towards the mountain when an ascent is being made, and a rescue party was at once organized, and set off. They succeeded in recovering the body, but not without running grave risks, and at one time another catastrophe seemed imminent.

A terribly sad event was that of the 12th of October, 1866. A Captain Arkwright, accompanied by his mother and two sisters, visited Chamonix at the beginning of October of that year. The weather was exceptionally fine, and the captain expressed a desire to ascend the mountain. The preparations were made, and very early in the morning of the 12th he started with his sister, who was to remain at the Grands Mulets sketching. The chief guide was Sylvian Couttet; the second a man named Simond; and, in addition, there were two porters. The party reached the cabane of the Mulets without adventure. After a short rest the men went on, leaving Miss Arkwright at the cabane. The caravan succeeded in gaining the steep slope which leads to the Grand Plateau, when an enormous overhanging mass of ice became detached, and, starting an avalanche, Captain Arkwright, Simond, and the two porters were swept into a profound crevasse. Sylvian Couttet escaped by making a prodigious leap, which took him clear of the track of the avalanche. When he had recovered from the shock, he searched for his companions, and, to his horror, he saw the body of Simond absolutely crushed to pieces by the ice. The others were nowhere to be seen. He at once descended to the cabane, where Miss Arkwright was sitting on the rocks sketching the dome.

Unable to conceal his horror and grief, she guessed the truth, for she had heard the avalanche fall. The scene that ensued in that awful solitude can be better imagined than described. The bodies of the captain and the two porters were never recovered. The great glacier kept its prey, but will give them up some day.

Of all the dark, sad years that are woven into the human story connected with Mont Blanc, that of 1870 is the darkest and saddest. It was a year of bitterness for France, and her tourist and health resorts were deserted, or nearly so. A few people found their way to Chamonix, and amongst them were an American gentleman named Mark, his wife and sister-in-law, Miss Wilkinson. They started to ascend the Great White Mountain on August 2, accompanied by only two guides. By the time the Grands Mulets was reached the two ladies were suffering from great fatigue, and the keeper of the cabane offered the services of his porter—a young man named Olivier Gay—as Mr. Mark had determined to proceed. Gay was accepted, and all went well until “The Corridor” was reached, when the ladies were so exhausted that they could go no further. Gay thereupon undertook to conduct them back to the cabane, and Mark and his two guides continued upwards. In a short time, however, the echoes of the icy world were awakened by the piercing scream of a woman. The men turned and, saw Miss Wilkinson wringing her hands in frenzy; Gay and Mrs. Mark were nowhere to be seen. They had both fallen into a crevasse, and their bodies were never recovered. Mrs. Mark was the first woman the mountain had claimed as his victim. This sad event, however, was but the prelude to a more ghastly tragedy a month later. Two American gentlemen—Mr. John Randall and Mr. Joseph Bean, of Baltimore—in company with a Mr. McCorkindale, a Scotch minister from Gourrock, ascended the mountain with three guides and five porters. The weather was exceptionally fine, and the summit was reached without adventure. But suddenly a cloud descended. It was the falling of the curtain on the lives of all those eleven men. The cloud

became a dense fog, and a *tourmente* arose. Night came, but the ill-starred caravan had not returned to the cabane. During eight days the storm continued, and the fog shut out everything. All attempts at succor were absolutely impossible. Men could not live on the cruel mountain in that *tourmente*, nor could they find their way in the dense mist. At last, when the weather changed, a search party went out. Lying in the snow near the summit, and as if they were asleep, were ten bodies, including the three travellers, three guides, and four porters. They had all been frozen to death. The body of the eleventh man was never found. It is supposed that he had made an endeavor to get back to the cabane to obtain succour, and had perished in a crevasse. In the pocket of Mr. Bean was a diary, in which he had continued to make notes until the cold had frozen his hands and feet and he could write no more. The last entry is terrible in its pathos:

“We have nothing to eat; my feet are already frozen, and I am dying, I have only the strength to write a few more words. . . . I die with faith in God, and my last thoughts are of you (his wife). Adieu to all. I hope we shall meet in heaven.”

The leading guide was an intrepid fellow, named Jean Balmat, a descendant of the renowned family of guides. It was his fortieth ascent; but all his experience and all his courage could avail nothing against the mighty forces of Nature. The mountain was in a sullen mood, and he exacted the penalty of all those lives.

It is pleasant to turn from this tragedy to a more romantic page in the story. A young lady, Miss Isabella Straton, who had already made three summer ascents, was ambitious of gaining the summit in winter. Possessed of indomitable courage and extraordinary powers of endurance, she was undeterred by the current stories of insupportable cold, and she started from Chamonix on the morning of January 28, 1876, accompanied by two guides—one of them being Jean Charlet, who had already greatly distinguished himself as a mountaineer—and

two porters. They left Grand's Mulets the following morning, and had proceeded some distance when one of the porters fell into a crevasse. After considerable difficulty he was rescued, very considerably bruised and battered. The party were consequently necessitated to return to the cabane and spend another night there. A fresh start was made on the following day, the wounded porter being left behind. The summit was successfully gained; the day being magnificent in its clearness, but the cold was fearful, 29 degrees of Reaumur being marked. Both Miss Straton and Guide Charlet were frostbitten, and only a few minutes could be spent on the dome. This intrepid lady accomplished a double feat that day, for she won a husband also. She fell in love with her guide, Jean Charlet, and married him. Being wealthy and well connected, she raised her husband from the level of a peasant to a position of affluence. They have built themselves a beautiful house in the valley of Chamonix, where they permanently reside with their family.

A few years later a man with a wooden leg attempted to reach the summit, and nearly succeeded, but became prostrated with exhaustion, and had to be carried down. Then a blind man went up; not for the sake of what he could see, but for the sake of what he could say. *De gustibus non est disputandum!* And the most recent thing in the way of eccentricities is the ascent by a scientist, who, being lame, was taken up by a number of guides on a sort of sledge. A proposition has been seriously made of late years to establish an observatory on the summit of the Monarch. But it is doubtful whether the proposition will ever take practical shape. The initial engineering difficulties would probably be overcome; but the enormous accumulations of snow would entirely bury any construction of the kind, even if the *tourmentes* which rage round that lofty peak did not carry it bodily away.

At the present day the ascent of Mont Blanc has become very popular, and on an average there are about forty ascents a year. It has been said in consequence that the mountain is vulgarized, but that

can never be. It is on too vast and grand a scale, and its physical features are the same now as they were thousands of years ago. Stupendous solitudes of snow and ice, and fearful slopes down which the avalanches thunder, tremendous crevasses, towering seracs, mighty precipices—these remain, and probably will remain, for all time. They represent Nature in her sublimest aspect; and though the mountain were ascended by forty people every day, it could never be vulgarized. The grandeur, the weirdness, the majesty, the might are there, and nothing can detract from them. Owing to the intimate knowledge that has been gained of the mountain, and the means that have been provided for shelter, the difficulties of the ascent are now reduced to a minimum. On the Grands Mulets—to which reference has frequently been made in this paper—a rough hut has long existed, and has recently been improved. The Grands Mulets is a mass of rock that rises up from a stern wilderness of ice and snow. On a ledge of this rock the cabane has been erected. It is in charge of a man in the summer months, and is provided with primitive sleeping accommodation, while limited quantities of provisions are obtainable. The ascent to the Grands Mulets is over much broken up and crevassed glaciers lying at a steep angle. The rocks of the Grands Mulets are 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. About seven hours are required to gain the summit from the cabane. Last year the well-known French *savant*, Monsieur Vallot, caused to be erected at his own expense a substantial hut under what is known as the Bosses, not far from the summit, his object being to afford the means for scientific observation. But it will also prove a boon to mountaineers, and render such a tragedy as that of 1870 almost impossible. The hut consists of two apartments, one being reserved for scientific instruments; the other is for the use of travellers. The rooms are warmed by means of oil stoves, and a good supply of blankets is provided. The hut is built of wood, surrounded with loose stone walls, and several lightning conductors are affixed to the roof. From this shelter the summit can be

gained in about an hour and a quarter.

It will not be inappropriate to close this paper with a few particulars of the death of Jacques Balmat. His triumph over Mont Blanc brought him fame, though not riches. Of a restless and ambitious disposition, he wanted to know more of the world than he could learn about it in his own mountain-enclosed valley. So he set out to travel, and amongst other places visited London. When he returned once more to his beloved mountains he conceived the idea that gold was to be found amongst them, and in his hunt for the precious metal he undertook many perilous and hazardous expeditions, but his dreams were not realized, and though he was pursuing a phantom his thirst for riches grew.

In 1834, although an old man, his passion for climbing had not diminished; and having heard that gold had once been found in the valley of Sixt, to the northwest of Chamonix, he set off to explore that wild region, and narrowly escaped coming to grief. He returned to his home disconsolate. But soon after something induced him to once more visit Sixt, where he associated himself with a noted chamois hunter, and the two pursued their investigations amongst the high peaks that shut in the valley. One day Balmat, in spite of the entreaties of his comrade, insisted on crossing an overhanging ledge of snow. He had not gone many yards, however, when the snow cornice gave way, and Balmat disappeared, falling a depth of more than 400 feet on to jagged and splintered

rocks, in a tremendous abyss, and on a spot that was incessantly bombarded with ice avalanches. His death must have been instantaneous. For a long time the chamois hunter concealed the truth, fearing that the accident might lead to others discovering the supposed gold mine. But after a while Balmat's sons and other members of his family, becoming uneasy at his absence, set off to look for him, and subsequently the hunter related the story of the accident. Attempts were made to recover the body, but had to be given up.

For nineteen years no other attempt was made, but in 1853 a strong desire was expressed by the people of Chamonix that the remains of the celebrated mountaineer should, if possible, be recovered and accorded Christian burial.

In pursuance of this object a very strong body of the best guides set off for Sixt, and at last, but only with extreme difficulty, they reached the spot from whence Balmat had fallen. It was then seen that no mortal power could recover the body, owing to the avalanches of rock and ice that fell into the horrible abyss that had become Jacques Balmat's grave. A fitting one, surely, for so true a mountaineer!

He sleeps quietly enough in those profound depths, and the thunder of the avalanche is his requiem; while the magnificent, great, white mountain, now known as Mont Blanc, is his eternal monument, which shall endure until the globe itself dissolves and passes away. Surely no man ever had a grander one!



HOMELESS.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

THERE are the white-winged birds in the clear blue sky,
White sails on the sunlit sea ;
And up and down, on the soft white sands,
Go merrily, people, in chattering bands,
While apart, I sit, silently.

When the even falls to their nest will go, the birds of the flitting wing ;
And safe in its harbor, with anchor dropt,
Each ship will dreamily swing,
And the merry people, will, one by one,
Go home to rest at the set of sun.

If I were a bird on some distant crag,
Would my nest be waiting for me ?
If I were a ship of the ocean wide,
Caressed by the wind, and borne by the tide,
How sure would my harbor be.

Or, if of the crowd, with jest and song
I wandered as gay and free,
Perhaps, somewhere, on the green earth's breast—
Might I, also, have some safe home nest,
But apart, I sit, silently.

A LESSON ON IMMORTALITY.

BY JENNY TERRILL RUPRECHT.

WHILE restless spirits of the air
A dainty cradle lightly swing,
In tenderest tones they sing and sing,
Of one who sleeps within most fair ;
They say 'twill slyly slip away
From its small cradle, some fine day.

'Twill wear a kirtle queer beside,
All velvety and shaped with wings,
And soon 'twill spread these beauteous things
And sail away in all its pride ;
Though 'twas a worm that spun the woof
And warp, and wove its cradle roof.

And we shall slip from earth some day,
And leave our trammeling fetters here ;
In wondrous beauty to appear
Somewhere along God's shining way ;
And gladly find ourselves to be
All winged with immortality.

UNKER EFIM'S CABIN.

BY ELLEN F. WYCOFF (MARY WILSON).

"EFIM, why doncher dome in out-en' datter cole air? Yesser gwinter git de brownketis er suppin', settin' dar in de win'?"

Aunt Dilsey waddled across the creaking floor to the low, vine-wreathed doorway.

The moon was rising, round and bright, over on the other side of the white cotton field. Just opposite the wide, cheery face of the moon, the last rays of the sun closed the western sky.

The rim of pines that shut the fields in were already growing purple in the autumn twilight. The scarlet leaves of the Virginia creeper about Aunt Dilsey's door shook and quivered in the fresh breeze. Unker Efim sat on a wooden bench, and leaned against the side of the cabin. His eyes were closed and his fingers were picking at the strings of a little, dirty banjo.

He gave no heed to his wife's warning. "Well, jes' set an' pick at datter green gode all night, ef ye want, but here's one at wouldn't fly in de facer Prov'dence lessen Ise mo' fittin' fur sick comp'ny den what you is."

With a little toss of her turbaned head she left the doorway and began to spread the cloth for the evening meal.

"I becher de rattle er deeshes'll fetch 'im, an' ef dat don't, den de smeller bilt poke spar ribs will!" she said, half aloud.

Outside the wind was playing among the slender green leaves of the tall pine that sheltered the cabin. The sound was like the deep, full bass from a grand old organ. The "tumping" of Unker Efim's banjo fitted itself to the rising and falling of the wind in the pine and then his low, wonderfully sweet voice mingled with the strange accompaniment:

"Allergater holler anner tarpin squall,
Anner hay!
Allergater holler anner tarpin squall
Anner h-a-y!"

Allergater holler anner tarpin squall,
Hoppy toad made fur he's hole in de wall,
Anner h-a-y!
Who's dat tickle my toe?"

"Efim, come in outen dat an' quitter singin' demmer wurly songs," Aunt Dilsey called, rattling the dishes briskly. Uncle Efim sang on:

"Tell you wha' de lightnin' done,
Anner hay!
Tell yer wha' de lightnin' done,
Anner h-a-y!
Tell yer wha' de lightnin' done,
Struck me wife an' kilt me son,
Anner h-a-y!
Who's dat tickle my toe?"

"Efim, whacher wanten sing datter Saturn's song fur? You knows dat haint so. Jupe not kilt er tall. You's gwinter fetch trubbul on dis fambly wif yer debil darrin' ways. Why doncher sing sperchal songs wha' he'p yer soul!"

Aunt Dilsey began to sing, raising her voice so that Unker Efim must hear.

"De day ob juberlee is come—
Bress de Lawd, O, my soul!
Return ye rancid sinner home,
Bress de Lawd, O, my soul!"

Unker Efim brought his banjo in and hung it against the rough wall. Still singing, her voice loud with victory, Aunt Dilsey moved about, keeping time to her song, as she dished up her supper from the pots and "spiders" on the great hearth, and set it smoking hot upon the table. Suddenly she stopped singing, and went over to the door.

"Dacher, yaller Mike?" she asked, peering out from under the drooping vines. The red fire light inside was brighter than the moonlight.

"Dat's de 'pinion I'se been holdin'."
"Woncher come in?"

"Don kere ef I does. I wanten tockter de ole man 'bout swapin' cabins wif me."

"Might as well ster save yer bref futter cool yer brof, den, caze yer hanter gwinter onter us. But come in; Efim he's home." Mike, a tall, lank, yellow negro entered the cabin.

Unker Efim grunted a surly sort of welcome.

"Draw up yer cheers," Aunt Dilsey said as she placed a brown corn dodger on the table beside the sweet potatoes. "Dis stewt poke ribs gittin' cole."

Yellow Mike, nothing loth, drew his chair to the table, and Aunt Dilsey put down another blue-rimmed plate, and laid beside it a knife and fork.

"Dis here sasafrax tea 'pear lack hit purty strong. Hover cup on hit, Mike?" Mike took the proffered cup, his keen appetite not in the least dulled by the rather cool welcome he had received. He was not so good a "provider" as Unker Efim, and his wife was not so good a cook as Aunt Dilsey who was cook at the "big house." and this doubtless accounted for the extra seasonings and flavorings that made the meals she served her husband so popular among his friends.

"So ye hainter gwinter swap, Unker Efim?" "You've struck de si' tuné," Unker Efim growled, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Who's dat out dar?" called out Aunt Dilsey.

A little slick, black negro crept in. "Wacher foller me fur, Link?" Mike asked sharply, turning to the boy, "Caze I wanten," Link replied.

Link sat down in the corner, and Aunt Dilsey handed him a rib and a piece of bread.

"No, thanky mam. I eat me supper at de big house," Link said.

"He's lucky, dat chile air," Mike said proudly, looking at his black little son affectionately.

Link rolled his eyes and grinned. Kind words rarely found their way to his small black ears. His face wore the meekest and most innocent expression, but somehow he had become a sort of a plantation scapegoat.

Link was found at the bottom of all the mischief, and whatever went wrong was placed to his account.

"Plack de lower cabin, 'ud suit yer de bes', Unker Efim. Hitter'd frow Aunt Dilsey nigher ter her work." Mike said, going back to the business that had brought him. He had set his heart on Unker Efim's cabin.

"Dis does me well enough," Unker Efim said stubbornly.

Link pricked up his ears.

After supper several negroes dropped in.

"Dis is a good night fur gosses," Unker Sampson said with a little shiver.

"Wha' sorter took dat, Samp? stick ter reasin," Unker Efim said, rolling his eyes at Unker Sampson, who gravely shook his grizzled head.

"Efim, afo' yer dies yer gwinter see whacher hoot at now, mine my word, 'ole mane."

"I'll resk it. I'se been here up'ards er some time, an' I haint seed har ner hider nuffin' yet," Unker Efim said, laughing in his slow, easy way.

"Bucher will."

"Efim jined to his iduls," Crippled Joe laughed.

"Den let him erlone," Uncle Efim answered quickly."

"Ye b'leves in gosses, doncher Unker Samp," Link said from his corner.

To be addressed by a child was an insult to Unker Sampson. He gave the boy a withering look and then turned to Crippled Joe who was saying:

"Aunt Nicie 'low she's seed ole marse many er time. See he's dat weeked an' stengy. He usen ter wock obder de plantation uver Sunday an' sorter avege up his crap. He's close. Aunt Nicie 'low he allus cut de meat hissef. When she's cook she's seed 'im at de smoke house many's de time, atter he's dade, at dat."

"I haint seed him," Aunt Dilsey said stoutly.

"Well, I his" Unker Sampson declared. "He can't res' in his grave, he's dat weeked. He didden' wanten die, no how."

"'Lowed he want ready, 'yit," Crippled Joe added.

The wind sobbed in the pine, and gently shook the loose windows.

Aunt Dilsey glanced behind her. The

shadows were heavy in the back of the cabin. She shivered a little, and then threw a pine knot on the fire. The cheery blaze brightened her spirits. "He's laid away decent," she said.

"I he'ped to do hit," Unker Efim added. "Seem lack demmer grave yard shadders air heaby ernough ter hole ole marse down, ef dar wo'nt nuffin' else. But de han' dat reaches down an' takes de soul outen' yer hainter gwinter neber let it go no mo'."

"Seein's b'lievin'," Unker Sampson said, pulling his hat over his grey head. Rising slowly, he went out. The others followed.

Unker Efim and Aunt Dilsey were alone. They drew nearer to the fire and sat watching the fanciful pictures in the coals.

Suddenly a low, moaning sound quivered through the shadowy cabin. The two old people started. Again the trembling, unearthly, sobbing sound. Aunt Dilsey shivered.

"Datter scrunch owl?" Unker Efim asked.

"Dunno," Aunt Dilsey's teeth were chattering.

The sound seemed nearer and louder as the old couple listened.

Unker Efim ventured to the door. He opened it and looked out. There was the moon, high now in the heavens, the gleaming, white cotton like snow on the brown field, the dark rim of pines in the distance. He stepped out into the cold moonlight, nothing unusual was in sight. There was his pig grunting sleepily in its pen, his chickens peacefully asleep on their roost. The wind had almost ceased. There was the faintest murmur, like the sound of a far off river, in the dark old pine. He went back. A sudden gust of wind pushed against the door as he closed it, and an unearthly wail arose from he knew not where. Aunt Dilsey wrung her hands and cried aloud. Unker

Efim, already frightened, gave way at the sound. "Efim, we's been too bole; yer weeked songs an' yer boas'ful braggin' his fetched dis jedgment on us. Das—" again the blood-curdling wail. They were both so filled with fear that the sound was indeed terrible to hear.

"Ef you's secher Christun, whacher hatter heer hit fur?" Unker Efim asked, his knees trembling under him. "Dis haint no time fur squabblin'," Aunt Dilsey said, her face ashy and quivering.

Suddenly the door flew open, and a howl like that of a lost soul filled the air.

With a scream of terror Aunt Dilsey rushed to the other door and tore it open. Across the fields the "big house" stood, white and quiet, in the moonlight. Like a wild creature Aunt Dilsey sped down the path, forgetful of her clumsy weight, only remembering that awful sound. Unker Efim ran stiffly behind her. A wild, terrible laugh seemed to follow them as they flew.

At last, breathless and panting, they reached the house and told their story to the master, who listened gravely enough, in spite of the smile that trembled under his mustache.

The negroes gathered in the kitchen next morning to hear the dreadful story. Aunt Dilsey told it with many graphic descriptions and impressive gestures, and the negroes listened in gaping astonishment.

Link came in with two jugs in his hands. He set them under the table and lifted his innocent face to Yellow Mike, who stood near him.

"Dem's de gosses; dem and de wind," he said, sottly. Then going over to Aunt Dilsey, who, having finished her story, had turned her attention to the breakfast, he asked in the meekest manner if he might help her.

Yellow Mike smiled on his arm from the doorway, for he knew that Unker Efim's cabin was now ready for a new tenant.



ENONE.

BY NORALE FRANKLIN (SAN MARCOS, TEXAS).

"There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills."

I DO not know why they called her that. I am confident neither father nor mother had ever heard of the ill-fated wife of "perfumed Paris."

In point of fact they both retained enough of their native Irish superstition to have turned in terror, had they known, from a name so sadly associated.

They had had a hard life, and she was the child of their middle age—a bit of belated joy and brightness—and romance flowering late is oft-times extravagant.

It was Mack who named her. He said he had heard a name in a play once, in California, that "slipped off your tongue prettier than anything except the notes off of a flute—E-no-ne—and somehow it seemed to suit the little one better than any of those in the back of the dictionary" (to which Mary had gone in the ardor of a mother's search).

As the years went on and the young life blossomed in caressing grace of body, soft tones of voice, and radiant smiles, it did seem to belong to her, to be part and portion of her gentle personality.

When she was baptized Mack gave the first outward evidence of any religious faith. He stepped up and asked to be "signed with that same ticket of admission for wherever 'baby girl' was going in this world or the next her pa wanted to go too."

They lived on a small rocky farm on what was known as the "Stringtown" road, a highway which led out from the town, past a succession of small estates, on through the country to the city of San Antonio beyond.

The wide porch of the low, log house was paved with irregular blocks of native stone, and shaded from the afternoon sun by thick, clambering vines of the cool-leaved Madeira.

Here, on summer evenings, Mack

would sit and smoke and make plans for Enone.

Across the road, beginning its rise from the very wheel tracks, was a high hill bulging all over with greyish rock and covered with stunted trees and thorny shrubs.

This was his confidant as he puffed away at his pipe and reared his castles in Spain.

To Mary the silent steep seemed to represent the bulwarks of her faith.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help," she would repeat softly as she went about her homely tasks.

But to the little girl the embryo mountain became the campus ground of a lonely child's fanciful imagination; the scene, by turns, of all Mack's Sunday evening stories, biblical, historical, or otherwise.

In the sunny spring weather, when birds sang in the trees, it was the height from which Balboa viewed the peaceful Pacific.

When June rains washed furrows in its sides and heaped drifts of refuse in the gullies below, it became the resting place for the Ark—rainbow-kissed Mt. Ararat.

The northers changed it into that awful mount from whose summit were thundered the ten great laws, and then it was the little Enone would creep, shuddering, up to Mary and whisper:—

"I's afraid. It's saying 'Thou shalt not' so loud." In the golden days of Autumn she loved it best, when the sun bewitched the woods with a yellow glamour, and earth lay steeped in the lazy glow as in a highly burnished moonlight.

The old hill put on heavenly vestments then, and to the far, far sight of the child, the mighty drama of the Transfiguration was re-enacted, in all its weird and marvellous beauty.

When she was seven years old she asked Mack, "what was on the other side of the mountain," and to satisfy budding curiosity he started daily rambles, searches after mysterious caves, long hunts for the first dewberry and the best grape-vine swing; those exploring expeditions so dear to the heart of childhood.

At first he was sole guide and companion, until blue-eyed Clarence from the neighboring farm (having cropped his yellow curls and donned a more distinctive masculine attire than shirt-waists and kilts) asked to go, too, and there was formed a trio that Mary called "the Siamese triplets."

Enone was eight years old when her mother died. Mary had been ailing for a long time past and Mack had tried to prepare himself for the blow; but it was months before he lost the dazed feeling in his head, or ceased to experience that shocked surprise when coming suddenly upon her empty chair.

He took the little girl to the field with him now, and she and Clarence rode on their stick horses while he worked.

When her tenth birthday came round, he remembered with consternation that she was old enough to go to school.

Mary had always said she must go to school when she was ten years old. Mary was so ambitious for the child and set such a store by book learning.

He had taught her himself, of winter evenings, to read and write and cipher, but that wasn't enough he reckoned. At any rate, she must never have it to say that her old father stood in the way of her getting an education.

So, with a sigh that was deep enough for a sob, he brushed her curls one morning (Oh, the pathos of that plastered hair that tells plainer of a vanished mother's hand than any morning garb), and with Clarence, trudging along carrying her books, took her to the neighborhood school and left her there, with the wistful injunction to the teacher to "please look after" baby girl "right smart at first, she was so little and timid like."

As he walked back home alone he wondered "if loving wasn't close kin to sorrowing anyway. It made your heart ache mighty nigh as bad."

As familiarity wore off the edge of the

new conditions, however, he began to take the liveliest interest in school books and school topics, and could bestow his parting kiss of mornings with a smile and even a joke.

"That's a shore prutty sight," old Aunt Mahaly (housekeeper and general manager since Mary died) would say, as she watched the children going off down the road—for Clarence never forgot to come and fetch his playmate—with their satchels and lunch baskets in their hands.

And if you had seen the barefoot boy with his clear blue eyes and sunny smile, and the dainty little maid, bonnet down her back and curls a-flying, you would have said so too.

Ah! those were peaceful days, and after a while happy ones too.

The monotony of the country quiet was broken morning and evening by the passing of the lumbering stage on its way between Austin and San Antonio, and many a world-worn eye looking out on the rock porch as it made frame for Mack in his arm chair, and the little boy and girl at his feet—a living poem, if homely, of love, and rest, and sweet content—many a tired eye, I say, would brighten, and jaded soul be stirred by thoughts that had seemed "a century dead."

It was an afternoon in August and Enone had celebrated her seventeenth birthday the day before. She and Mack were seated high up on the hillside on a mossy rock, where she had brought him "to tell him a great secret."

He had his hat off and his shirt open at the throat, "trying to fetch a good breath after that pull;" and she was nestling against his side, looking for all the world in her winsome beauty, like a May blossom blown by accident against some gnarled old oak.

Looking up directly she said,

"Dad, don't you think these words must have been written about our hill?"

"For now the noonday quiet holds the hill;
The grasshopper is silent in the grass;
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicada sleeps.
The purple flowers droop; the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake."

"They sound like it, lassie, they do indeed. Where did you get them? Out of your own head?"

"Now, daddy," laying her cheek against his, "what an old goosie you are. Of course your silly little girl didn't write them. A great man named Tennyson did, and he called the piece by my name. I don't understand the other part, but there must be something sad in it, because it hurts my heart whenever I read it."

"Well don't read it, baby-girl, don't read it—" Mack interrupted emphatically, "don't you ever read anything that hurts your heart. I ain't much in favor of poetry, nohow. The men who write it are mostly mad."

Enone gave a merry laugh—"Dad, you are so funny. But there! I'm not thinking much of poetry to-day—at least not written poetry. I am thinking—why don't you ask me what I'm thinking of, Daddykins?"

"Well, sweet, what is it? your pretty new frock that came from Austin for your birthday?"

"Pooh! that's just like a man—not any where near it. Now shut your eyes while I ask you something." She put her fingers on his lids—"How did you feel when you were a sweetheart?"

"Why mercy me, child," gasped Mack, taking her hands down and staring hard into her blushing face. "What will you ask me next? Who's been talking to you about sweethearts, Enone?"

"Why everybody, Dad," she answered, with crimson, drooping face. "The birds, and the flowers, and the trees, and—and—Clarence."

"And Clarence!" was all that the old man could sputter out; and then he bent a long, bewildered stare on the slender bit of a creature at his side.

His eyes paused at the dainty head, whose curls, he noticed for the first time, were turned up and fastened with a comb he remembered Mary used to wear. His troubled gaze followed the curving outline of the slim figure, and finally rested upon the soft lengths of the white summer gown.

Was it really so? Was his little baby grown to be a woman? He could not

believe it, but there was the "done-up" hair and the long dress—and—the sweet-heart—

He felt a warm hand clasp his, while a trembling voice whispered—

"Dad, dearie, what's the matter, don't you like my secret?"

He looked into the brown eyes, swimming in tears, and his own filled.

"Never mind Dad, little lass," kissing her face and hair, "it's just his rough way. He was confused at first, thinking as how he'd lost his baby girl all unbeknownst-like. If Clarence wants my little maid for his wife, I reckon I'll have to give her up. Clarence is a good boy, but there ain't none of them as is fit to have you, baby-girl. Your old dad's been trying for seventeen years to get worthy of you, and he's not fit to lace your shoes yet."

"But never mind, you go and be happy in your young way, it's natural and its right. I wish you had your ma to talk to now, for she'd know how to do it. Yonder comes Clarence, looking for you. I'm going for a walk, but I'll be back in time for supper."

And so, the sweet idyl began.

"In this green valley, under this green hill," continued on with the sanction of the old man, who meanwhile wrestled in lonely hours, trying to adjust the natural parental yearning to the finer chords of selfish love.

Argue with himself as he would that "it was natural and right for young things to want to mate," in his inmost soul he ranked it little short of crime for a man to ask a father for his only child.

Of course they would not be married for a long time yet. Clarence was only nineteen and had much to learn ere he could bear a man's part in the world. In the winter he was to go to a Northern city, and under the guardianship of a rich uncle, prepare for a profession.

His mother was a widow, a proud, ambitious woman, and he was her only child. He was ambitious, too, and fretted against the dullness of the farm.

In the alluring letters from the great metropolis he "heard his days before arm and the tumult of his life," and

longed to be "in among the throngs of men."

One morning the old stage that had rumbled by so often over the rocky road, stopped at his mother's gate. Kissing his sweetheart's trembling lips, and vowing to come back before the laurel bloomed on the hill, he received Mack's hearty "God speed" with his mother's blessing, and was gone. And even as he looked back through blurred vision on the dear familiar scenes and faces, he saw reflected in those crystal drops, the white road that stretched before—and "not in vain the distance beacons."

Enone went about like a little ghost for days after that good-bye; but soon the sweet distraction of letters filled her leisure hours and the rose came back to her cheek.

Mack stood aside then and let her girl's heart revel unrebuked in its absorption, knowing that so it must ever be with tender young creatures feeling their way among new and strange emotions. When she needed him again she would come and lay her head in its old place upon his breast.

Those letters! How long they were at first, and how full of the strong, glad life of the city. And then—why need I tell it—it is such an old, old story that sometimes it would seem to "go without words"—they grew briefer, less frequent and ceased.

His mother sold her farm and went to live near him. As the months lengthened into years reports would come of brilliant social and political success, hard won honors and a fast-filling purse; but never a line for two years now, to the loving girl whom he had called "his own soul."

Sometimes a stranger hand, with friendly aforethought for the lonely looking man on the porch, would throw out a bundle of newspapers from the stage as it rolled by.

In reading the doings of the great world outside of his care or ken, Mack found something one evening that made him grind his teeth and mutter the first curse that had passed his lips since the day he offered his brow for the sacred "ticket."

He crushed the sheet in his hand, his first thought to hide it from Enone; but she had come into the doorway and was watching him.

"Father, what is it," she asked, extending her hand for the paper, "let me see it too."

"No, little one, your old dad is rough, but he can tell it to you kinder than that. Come to your father's arms, child."

And there in the twilight, soul to soul, he told her in the gentlest way love knows, the cruel news, that while it would keep her always his, would wound her heart with a mortal wound.

Clarence, led on by the "jingling of the guinea," had forgotten truth and honor, and married, taken for a wife a woman of the world, gay, frivolous, the queen of a fast, fashionable set.

Enone lay so still that Mack thought she had fainted. He turned her face to the waning light, and ten years of weary living could not have so drained the blood from the cheek or exhausted the light in the eyes.

"Dad," she whispered, "dear, old, loving dad, I understand that poem now:"

"O death, pass by the happy souls that love to live,
And shadow all my soul that I may die."

She slipped from his arms and sped swiftly up the hill in the sunset light to the old flat rock, and Mack put his head in his hands and groaned to think how helpless was his love to aid her now.

That was fifteen years ago. The unwieldy coach has given way to the swift, smooth-gliding railway carriage. Science has even laid hands upon the implements of the farm; but the old, vine-shaded house, except for a new fence around the front yard, and shutters to the parlor windows, remains very much the same.

Mack is beginning to age. He rarely climbs the hill now, and his shoulders have rounded as under an invisible hand. He and Enone are sitting indoors, for the nights are beginning to cool. She is reading aloud, and he is lying back in his chair watching her. You may have seen faces like hers, from which every-

thing has gone except the spiritual—pure, colorless, passionless faces—soul-painted we call them because we do not know what else it is. This triumph of the spirit did not come in a day. It never does. Not once, but many times, had gone up that bitter cry.

"O death, thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: Let me die."

It was not until the rocky height underwent its last transformation, and became, by faith, not fancy, the Mount of Peace, Olivet the blessed, that she found the strength which Mary had known when she looked up morning and evening and said, "From the hills cometh my help."

She has put her book down now and is listening. "Father, isn't that a step on the porch?"

"I don't hear anything, daughter, but I will go and see."

He opened the door and a man stood on the threshold—a poor looking creature, pale and shrunken, marked with unmistakable prints of a wasting disease.

In his eyes alone burned a fire that suggested youth.

He steadied himself against the door, looked past the old man to the startled woman, who was holding on to her chair, all her limbs in a queer tremble—"Enone! Enone!" rang through the room—a cry that carried in it the heart break of a lifetime.

It was Clarence, the bonny boy who had waved his hand back at them, that bright October morning, so many years ago.

Forsaken by the woman he married, forgotten by the friends who ruined him, his mother dead, he came in his misery to the one faithful heart that life, out of all its proud promise, had yielded him, and asked to die at her feet.

How did he know she would forgive? Would hold his hand in that last struggle? How does the miner imprisoned in the bowels of the earth know that up above the sun is shining?

The soul of a pure woman once impressed by love, upon the soul of a man, never loses its identity.

In the hour of mortal agony, mental or physical, he will turn unerringly to her, be she mother, sister, sweetheart or wife, and by sight divine know that she is true.

Clarence died the next evening with his head on Enone's breast.

The sun lingered late in the western sky.

Mack drew her away to the door and showed her the hill with the aureola about its crest.

"There, baby-girl, there, don't cry. Look at that. Can't you hear old Mt. Olivet a saying 'Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.'"

But she could only sob.

"O, dad, dad, if I just were your baby-girl again!"



MY SISTER'S LOVER.

CARL LOUIS KINGSBURY.

MADAME slowly refolded the letter she had been reading, put it back into the envelope, and then methodically consigned it to its proper pigeon-hole in her desk before she turned to me.

"Your father has sent for you," she announced, briefly.

"Has he? Louise wrote a few days ago that she wished I was at home, but I didn't think that papa would send for me, yet—"

"Yet," repeated Madame, with asperity, "it is quite time, I should think"—she checked herself instantly, and added in a milder voice, "Louise was two years younger than you are now when she left us. I am glad to have you here, dear child, but you ought to be at home."

Before mamma died I had longed to have my school days over, I missed her so constantly. I used to count off the days and weeks which brought me nearer to graduation day as the time when I could go home to stay. For her dear sake I studied hard, that no fault of mine might keep me away from her; but after the cold winter morning, when her pale lips pressed mine for the last time, while she whispered, "God keep my darling baby;" and raising her eyes to papa's face, added, "Be kind to Alice, Harold." I had not cared to go back. Neither had papa cared to have me. He and Louise came down to see me graduate, and after the ceremony was over, and we were again assembled in madame's little parlor, he had said coldly, "You had better stay here for the present, Alice; you have one talent—cultivate it." He turned to madame, who was present, "Madame Le Clare, let no expense be spared in regard to her music, she appears to have a gift that way. She has not many gifts." My father did not love me, and never missed an opportunity to slight me; but madame, who had been mamma's school friend in

former days, and was like a second mother to me, answered, with sparkling eyes, "We have not been able to detect any lack of gifts, sir; and we have found Alice a most lovable and docile pupil." "Have you?" responded my father, indifferently, and as though the subject annoyed him. "If you are ready, Louise, we need not prolong this intrusion." "I am ready," said Louise, looking at me wistfully, her beautiful eyes full of tears. She passed out with papa, but in an instant came running back, and throwing her arms around me, sobbed, "Oh, Alice, I wanted you to come home! Dear, little, lonely Alice. Oh, what a shame, what a shame, to leave you here!"

"This is a very good place, Louise, but if you really want me to come home I imagine that I shall soon be there."

"What is this nonsense?" called my father's stern voice from the doorway. Louisa withdrew from me, flushing guiltily. "I am coming, papa," she said, and went away without looking back this time. That was nearly two years ago and I had not seen papa since. My vacations were spent with Madame, and Louise came to see me occasionally, so I did not care. I was willing to stay as long as papa wished, only I did not want to be quite forgotten by my sister. When Louise and I were little children there used to come visiting at our home, once or twice a year an odd, over-dressed, ill-tempered old woman, papa's only sister, older than he by several years, and a widow. Her husband and their only child had died in early womanhood, and she seemed to have loved nobody or nothing since, though she had a queer sort of pride in Louise, but she could not tolerate me. She called me "a dark little fright," and said, with her usual plainness, that she was better pleased with my room than my company. Mamma was troubled because of her par-

tiality for Louise, and I heard her talking to papa one day as they sat in the drawing room, while I stood near an open window on the veranda, half hidden by the rank foliage of a Virginia creeper.

"Louise has so much," mamma said, appealingly, "and poor Alice so little. Not even your love, Harold." "I don't think that would trouble her," answered my father, "even if it were true, which I don't say that it is. But why do you come to me about Mahala's preference? You had better arraign Nature, who made the girls what they are. As for 'poor Alice' as you call her, suppose my sister does not fancy her and leaves her fortune to Louise, do you think Alice will suffer? Why can't you see things as they are, Marian? Alice does not need a fortune. Little and plain as she is, she has the power to sway hearts. She has passion, fire and spirit enough for a dozen like Louise. It is true that Louise is my favorite, and that she will undoubtedly be my sister's heiress—but as to talking of her having so much while Alice has so little you underrate the power of that girl, she is to Louise as an electric flame to a candle."

My father had risen and was walking moodily up and down, pausing now and then in his talk. I could hear mamma's slippered feet tapping the carpet impatiently. "You puzzle me, Harold," she said at length, "I had no idea that you had so high an opinion of Alice."

"Did I say that I had a high opinion of her? I know what her character will be—I never said that I admired it. She will be one of those women for whom men forget honor and conscience, for whom they go mad, and she will rejoice in their infatuation."

Mamma began to cry. I am sorry to say that she had a habit of crying when anything vexed her, and papa—as was his habit also—terminated the interview by going out and slamming the door after him. I still crouched in the shadow, my cheeks burned, burned so hotly that I pressed my face against the vine to cool them, while my heart throbbed with indignation against my father. How wicked, oh how wicked

of him to say such things of me. I was afraid of him; I always had been, and I began to wonder there in the darkness if he was afraid of me, too. Afraid! What had he ever done for me except to contemptuously ignore my existence, whenever and wherever he could? Mamma and Louise loved me, but he—I brushed the tears from my hot cheeks, and went into the drawing-room. Papa had returned and was sitting under the swinging lamp unfolding the evening paper. I went up to him and, in a voice which I vainly strove to keep from trembling, said, "Papa, I heard what you said about me just now, and if the occasion ever offers, I promise you I will try to justify your good opinion. It would be a pity to waste such talents as you attribute to me."

"Ah the dev—. Very well," he said abruptly. "I have no doubt but you will keep your word." Louise looked up apprehensively from the pages of her novel, and mamma gave me a quick glance of warning and reproof. "Don't be foolish, Alice." Ah, I was foolish! I wanted my father to respect me at least. How could he respect me with a character as he had painted? I cared far more for his good will than for Aunt Mahala's thousands, but it seemed I was to have neither. This had happened during my last vacation at home. I was sent back to school and kept there until a few weeks after Aunt Mahala's death. She had willed everything to Louise, and I was left out in the cold in more senses than one, but Madame was very kind, and I had the full benefit of such society as was to be found in the scholastic little village, very grand society, too, though somewhat of a sameness. The one gift that papa had spoken of my possessing had been cultivated and trained until it seemed that there was no more to be done with it. I was in great request at all of the little gatherings which solaced our school days. I was light-hearted, vivacious, and not wanting in self-possession, but as yet nothing had happened to prove the existence of those dangerously fascinating qualities with which papa's fancy had been pleased to endow me. I had long ago forgiven, and tried to for-

get his evil prophecy. I longed for his love and the protection of home, therefore I was very glad when he signified to Madame that my lengthened sojourn with her was over, and my eager imagination pictured a future in which I was to win, not only my father's respect, but his love as well. Louise, a beauty and an heiress, would be surrounded with lovers, she would marry soon and leave home, but I would stay with papa to be the solace of his declining years, the Cordelia of his old age.

My home was situated a long day's journey from Waltham and the grave old Academy, and so, though I had been on the cars since sunrise, the summer dusk was deepening into night as the cab drew up in front of our house and Louise came running out to meet me. "I am so, so glad to have you back," she cried, kissing me enthusiastically, oblivious of passers by. "The place will seem like home with you here once more." She drew me inside the gate, and then for the first time I noticed papa standing on the veranda watching us; he came down the steps to receive me. "Welcome home, Alice," he said, and then—then he actually kissed me! When had he kissed me before? Not since I was a wayward, wilful little child, the torment and pet of the household. Quite as well as though he had spoken the words I understood him—"Let bygones be bygones, we will be patient with each other." He spent the evening with us. I sang for him, and he was surprised and greatly pleased with my improvement, warmly commending my evident industry, and even went so far in his satisfaction as to declare that I had grown pretty! Both he and Louise made much of me, but I missed Mamma's dear, familiar presence; and felt, too, in spite of Louise's cordiality that she was keeping something back. But how handsome she had grown in the three months since I had last seen her! Her fine, clear-cut face had gained a new expression. She looked more alive, more vivid, somehow. I wondered what had wrought the change.

After I had gone to my room she came in and sat talking, giving me bits of news and everyday gossip, while I slowly dis-

robed and brushed out my long, and heavy hair. "I wish that papa could see you with this 'mantle of glory' about you, Alice," she said, lifting up a handful of the gleaming tresses. "It's longer than ever. You look like a wild elfin fawn, in your white dress and flowing hair."

"I suppose you are acquainted with a number of elfin fawns," I remarked, yawning; she laughed lightly. "Not 'azackly,' as Peggotty says—but—I see you are sleepy. I have something to tell you, though. I have been longing to tell you for these three weeks; but I waited for you to come home—and now—guess what it is?" There was a rosy flush on her face, her violet eyes sparkled. She looked so pleased, so unlike our quiet, self-contained Louise, that I could not help laughing at her.

"You haven't any secret, Louise? I saw the moment I set eyes on you that something had happened. 'It's easy enough to tell what.'"

"Is it? I had no idea that I had such a speaking countenance; but come, what is the secret, which is no secret after all."

"You've got a lover, Louise?"

"A lover! Won't you allow me but one? But there, I'm engaged, Alice."

"Engaged? Oh, Louise!"

"Yes. I wanted you at home so much, but papa wouldn't listen to it until after my engagement. After that I found that he was quite willing."

"Thought that I couldn't do any mischief after that, I suppose."

"I don't know," answered Louise, her bright face clouding, as it always did at any reference to our old trouble. "Anyway, I wanted you to come, I am so anxious for you to meet Hilton. I hope you will like him."

"I hope so; but if I don't, I shant say that I do. Is 'Hilton' the long and short of it?"

"Hilton McDonald, a lawyer, just beginning practice here. I met him first about six months ago; but papa knows his family."

"Papa approves, does he?"

"Yes, he likes Hilton. They seem to offset each other."

"Oh, dear, dear!" said I perversely and crossly. "What a heavy man, what a wooden image he must be to offset papa!"

"He isn't heavy, or a wooden image, he's just delightful," retorted Louise, with spirit.

"I dare say he is, Louise; but you see I haven't any lover, or anything, and I'm lonesome; I haven't been here before mamma left us, you know."

"It is true; I am selfish to forget how you must feel; and you were so tired, too. I must leave you, in common charity," but she paused on the threshold, looking back at me with a smile; "you don't consider me one of the gushing sort, do you, Alice?"

"You gushing? oh!" words were powerless to convey the idea of how far from gushing was our proper Louise. "Well, then," she resumed, "you must believe me when I tell you that he is the handsomest, the most fascinating man that I, or you, ever saw."

"He means Hilton, don't it?"

"Of course," she answered, and shut the door with a laughing "good night."

I went to bed with her kisses on my lips, with the remembrance of my father's tender good night, with the thought that I really was welcome home at last, and tossed in sleepless misery, from side to side, till long after midnight. Ah, what made my heart so heavy!

We were sitting in the dusky drawing-room, as twilight fell, the next evening, talking by fitful starts, when a step sounded in the hall, the half-open door was pushed back, and the hall lamp revealed a gentleman standing on the threshold. Louise arose to receive him, apologizing hurriedly for the absence of lights.

"Never mind," said a musical voice, "twilight begets confidence. Let me come in, and you may confide in me."

He took a step forward, and at that instant Louise lit the gas. I had risen, intent on slipping out unnoticed, but the light showed us standing face to face. He looked at me long and steadily, with a pair of brilliant, changeable, grey eyes,

an intense, absorbed, self-forgetful look—a look which made my heart beat as though it would suffocate me—a look which made my face burn, my limbs tremble. Only a look! But I was staring up at him bewildered, frightened while he drew my soul to him irresistibly, irresistibly! I had no thought of resistance, no thought of anything; a sweet, wild, unknown country spread itself out before me through the gateway of a pair of liquid grey eyes, and I was as helpless as some poor, ensnared bird. If he had opened his arms to me then and there I should have gone to him and known neither fear, shame or remorse.

Louise looked at us curiously, and he recovered himself, his eyes fell away from mine and sought her face, he sighed like one awakened from sleep. "I hope you have not forgotten that I was looking for my little sister home yesterday," said Louise. "This is my sister Alice, Alice this is Hilton McDonald." He held out his hand silently and I put mine within it. "Welcome home," he said softly, while his fingers closed on mine so closely that I shrank back afraid, but I could not speak, and Louise came to the rescue. "I think Alice must be afflicted with a spasm of shyness," she observed, "and in that case we might as well sit down while she recovers her voice." Hilton dropped my hand as she spoke and turned away, while I sank into a chair, trembling and breathless. What had happened? I had been introduced to my sister's betrothed husband. Was that all?

I shrank back into a shadowing corner while he and Louise talked animatedly about nothing, I thought, though Hilton seemed excited, his eyes shone, and his fine, strong face, glowed with some intense, hidden feeling. Papa came in soon and observing me sitting silent in my corner asked me to sing, at the same time sinking back into an easy chair with his hand clasped behind his head, in a comfortable attitude of listening. "No, no!" I cried, springing to my feet and conscious only of a wild desire to escape from the room. "I can't sing to-night, papa, I can't, indeed," I repeated pite-

ously, as a quick frown gathered on his face. "Ah, well! that's the great trouble with all you prima donnas," he observed, "you can never consent to gratify us on small ordinary occasions."

I was a self-contained girl, with the usual intolerant scorn of youth for anything emotional or sensational—in myself—yet I rushed from the room as if pursued by the Furies, and taking refuge in my room threw myself upon the bed where I writhed in an agony of humiliation. Oh, why, why! need I make such a spectacle of myself and disappoint them all at the very outset of my coming home? Louise did not come into my room that night, and I felt that she was offended, but papa's kindly greeting on the night of my return, gave me courage to apologize for my rudeness, so when I went down in the morning and found him alone in the dining-room, sitting in his place at table, not waiting for us, I went up to him and, in spite of his unsmiling face, put my arm shyly around his neck. "Papa, please forgive me, I was very rude last night, I couldn't help it, I don't know what ailed me." He drew me down to him and kissed me with a brightening face, and then I noticed for the first time—really for the first time—that Louise must have got her beautiful eyes from him, I had always been too much in awe of him to really look at him before, and I was just beginning to learn that he had felt the awe, and resented it.

"Your education in self-control has not kept pace with your other acquirements, I'm afraid," he said cheerfully, "but you have plenty of time to learn." Louise came in and looked pleased when she saw that papa and I had made up, but I was afraid to meet Hilton after that, and made excuses to be out of the way when he called, as he often did. He seemed to be an attentive lover, but Louise's face often wore a look of dissatisfaction, very unusual with her, and at length I learned the cause. "Why do you avoid Hilton?" she asked me one day as I started to leave the room when we caught a glimpse of him coming up the walk, "I have told him that you

sing so well, and are so bright and entertaining, as you know you are, but you actually have not exchanged a dozen words with him since you came home. I can't understand why you should treat him so, Alice."

"You surely need no help in entertaining him, Louise."

"It isn't that, but you do not treat him with common courtesy. He must see that you avoid him."

"Has he mentioned it," I asked with downcast face.

"No, I should hope not. He has too much pride to complain of a slight."

Was I not driven to it? I told myself that it was no fault of mine, that I was forced to meet him when I knew myself as powerless to resist the passion that had sprung into life at sight of him, as a bit of driftwood whirled upon a maddened flood. Papa had talked of my sway over hearts. Mine! I tried to be true to them all, and the effect cost me sleepless nights and days of anguish. My eyes grew large and luminous, my face thin with the hidden nature—and yet no word had been spoken, only a look, a hand-clasp which marked an epoch in my life. After Louise spoke I began to reason, "I need not keep out of his sight, he is in no danger. It is only me, and no one will notice me, I may make myself as attractive as possible and no one will give me a second thought while Louise is by. After she is married I will live alone with papa, and no one will expect that my heart has gone with him, my sister's husband, my sister's husband." Over and over again I repeated the words to myself in those days, trying, by keeping constantly in mind what was soon to be, to cure myself of a passion which burned within me like a consuming fire—I ceased to avoid him. I sang and played, rode and drove about with him and began to exult in the thought that I played my part so well. I loved him, loved him, and no one suspected—no one should ever suspect. But he began to be less attentive to Louise, often sitting distant and silent in her presence and replying at random to her remarks, yet he haunted the house, and papa began to notice it. "I hope

that Hilton will give a little more attention to business—if he has any—after you are married,” he said to Louise one day. “It’s fortunate that his daily bread does not depend on his professional industry. I don’t complain of a reasonable share of devotion, but it seems to me that he rather overdoes it, if one is to judge by the frequency of his visits.”

“Papa, I thought you liked Hilton?” cried Louise, her eyes flashing.

“So I do, dear; but as my mother used to say, ‘There’s reason in all things;’ and—well, well, child, I’ll say no more except this, I can see no motive for postponing the wedding-day.”

“Are you in a hurry to get rid of me?” asked Louise, with a smile.

“You know better than that, Louise; but I like to see a man take some interest in his business, and it’s utterly impossible for Hilton to do that while he is dancing attendance on you for two-thirds of the time.”

Louise laughed, but there was a mist of tears in her eyes; so many things puzzled her in those days. She knew that while Hilton sought her constantly, to the exclusion of everything else, he really seemed to care less for her society than at first. It chanced, oddly enough, that Hilton brought up the subject of the wedding-day that same evening; he seemed, all at once, to have become restlessly impatient, and vehemently urged her to name an early day for the ceremony. With the remembrance of papa’s criticisms in her mind, she had set the time on Wednesday, two weeks hence. Two weeks! only two weeks!

Papa, Louise and I were in the dining-room, lingering for a moment’s chat after breakfast, when she told me. My heart seemed to stop beating for a moment, and then throbbed with a suffocating force. I had never fainted in my life, but suddenly the large dining-room, the pictures, papa’s dark-clad figure, and Louise’s stately form, began to wave slowly in a dizzy, darkening circle; the sunlight streaming in at the open window was blotted out, and I groaned aloud.

“What’s the matter with the child?”

said my father, bending over me anxiously. I was lying on the lounge, and my face and hair were wet, Louise was holding a bottle in her hand, and the air was tingling with the sharp, penetrating odor of ammonia—“I’m afraid she’s going to be sick,” answered Louise. “I hear her tossing about nights and do you see how thin she has grown?”

I opened my eyes and my whole nature seemed to spring to arms to guard my secret. “I am perfectly well, I assure you, papa—” a shadow darkened one of the long windows opening upon the veranda, and we saw Hilton standing outside, he glanced in, and his face paled as he saw me lying disheveled upon the lounge with the others bending over me. “Louise I called to take you out riding. I hope that your sister”—he never called me Alice—“is not sick?” “No, indeed,” I said, sitting up with burning cheeks. “Pray go, Louise.” I was impatient to be left alone, but she hesitated. “I don’t know that I ought to leave you, dear. I am really troubled about her, Hilton,” she turned to him appealingly. “She never fainted before and there was nothing in the world to cause it this time. I was just telling them about—about the eighteenth of June,” she looked up with a blush and a smile. The eighteenth of June was to be the wedding day, but he was not observing her, his eyes were bent on me as she spoke, and a change came over his face, a change like that over a shadowed landscape suddenly flushed with sunlight. His eyes sparkled, a faint, warm color replaced the grey pallor of his face—for one breathless instant he looked radiantly happy, so happy that I felt as though he were reading my secret, and rejoicing in my misery.

“Is it to be wondered at that the thought of parting with Louise should give me pain?” I asked, striving to master my trembling voice and to speak naturally. Louise came to my side again and stroked my hair with a loving touch, just as mamma used to do, and between shame and distress I burst into a storm of childish tears. “Darling, you have known for a long time that I would

soon be married," she said seriously, "and you must not be grieved with it. You will hardly have a chance to miss me, you will be with me so much" — she paused and my better nature asserted itself in the inward resolution, "oh never, never, God help me, never!" Hilton had not once glanced at her, but now he said, "It's a glorious morning. If your sister will go with us, I will order another horse, or we might take a carriage."

"Nonsense!" I said quickly; "why should you change your plans for me? Please do go." My better mood seemed to have vanished as suddenly as it came. I followed them to the veranda and watched them ride away with a sick feeling of jealousy and despair. But, strong in my determination to keep up appearances, I ran down the walk and out the gate to meet them on their return. Louise's face wore that indefinable look of trouble which had become almost habitual to it of late, and Hilton seemed depressed I thought; but they both greeted me gaily. "I was afraid I should find you in bed," said Louise, "and here you are as bright as a rose."

"You look quite well enough to take a ride now," interposed Hilton. "Won't you come?"

"No, no! See how cloudy it has grown. It is going to rain, and I have no fancy for getting wet."

"Well then, I will go down to the office. That client may be waiting." He rode off with a laugh; he and Louise had a joke about the rich but eccentric client who was to engage him some day and, as he said, "bring him fame and fortune at one fell swoop." But she watched him ride away with no answering smile on her face, which was very thoughtful. A gust of wind which sent a little spiral of dust spinning along the road, aroused her, and she glanced up at the clouded sky, as she gathered up her habit. "You are right, Alice, we shall have a storm soon." I was in hopes that she would give me some clue to her trouble, but she was never one of the sort to proclaim her griefs. It was a rainy evening, and I excused myself for going to my room; I wanted to write

some letters, I said. So I did; but I could not write. The spirits of the storm and darkness seemed to be beckoning me out, until I finally threw a shawl over my head and went softly down stairs. Papa and Louise were alone in the drawing room; and, because papa's eyes were not as strong as they used to be, Louise was reading for him an interminable medical essay, which I thought dreadfully stupid. I dare say Louise found it stupid, too, but I never thought of that then.

My slipped feet made no sound as I paced the length of the veranda, up and down, up and down, sheltered from the driving storm, but with a fiercer storm within. I paused at length by the pillar where the Virginia creeper made a black shadow, away from the lighted windows, and once more pressed my face to the cold wet leaves; thinking, as I did so, of that evening, long ago, when I had stood in the self-same spot and heard my father and mother talking of me. Oh, my mother! my mother!

"Alice, Alice!" whispered a voice in my ear, "my darling come to me." I drew back one instant, one, with a thought of Louise, but my only safeguard had been the thought that he did not care for me, but if Hilton loved me — oh, if Hilton loved me! — I was in his arms. Did we know that the night deepened, that the wind arose and swayed the great trees while the tossing vines tapped at the lighted windows with hurried touches, as though beseeching Louise to come out and see the wreck of her happiness. Ah, but how little I cared, with his kisses on my lips, with his heart beating against my own, for what the morrow might bring forth. I was like a wanderer who had found home and love and shelter at last, who had come out of the darkness into a great light. I clung to him and sobbed, not for shame, but for the distress I had known, and which was just — for he loved me. It never occurred to me to doubt him, though he was false to my sister. False! he had not known me when he engaged himself to her, but now he was mine, my own, my own! I had no further thought of resistance. No thought of anything but

him. What need had we of words out there in the darkness, where our souls met in a wild, sweet tumult, and where we flung honor from us as though it had been an encumbering garment.

The night deepened. The lights in the house began to go out. What if Louise should go into my room? The thought aroused me. "I must go, Hilton," I whispered, trying at last to free myself from the close encircling arms. "Go? when I have but just found you. Ah, you must, but say you love me first. Say it so, with your face to mine, and close, close against my heart. Say that you love me, darling."

"I love you, Hilton, I love you, I love you!" I raised myself on tiptoe to press my lips to his. I was mad—my sister's husband. My sister's husband!

"You look radiant," observed Louise meeting me on the stairs the next morning. "Fainting seems to have done you good." Radiant! I had not closed my eyes in sleep, but I brushed past her with a laugh. I did not care for my treachery to her—I did not even think of it. He loved me! That was all. A week, ten days went by, and I met him continually, alone. How easy to meet, now that we no longer struggled against dishonor.

The wedding day drew near, and Louise was very busy with her preparations, she even congratulated herself upon our having become such great friends that it gave her more time to devote to her trousseau. One day her wedding dress came home. The sight of it was like an electric shock to me, in a flash—scorching, and merciless as a lightning stroke. I felt and saw in what a delirium of the senses I had been living, into what an abyss of shame wayward feet had strayed. They had laid the dress in my lap. I threw it from me and covered my face with my hands.

"Well, she does take it hard," observed the dressmaker to Louise with philosophic composure. "But she'll get over it. Don't you worry. I thought when my sister Martha was married that I couldn't live without her, but I've got

used to it. We get used to most everything in this world."

Hilton called nearly every evening. I watched for him that night and when I saw the tall, erect figure coming up the walk, I hurried out to meet him, and drawing him into a side path, among the shrubbery, sobbed in a breathless whisper: "Hilton! oh, Hilton! the wedding dress has come."

"Has it?" He stood regarding me for a moment with a troubled face, then: "Alice, I wish you were rich," he said.

"If I were rich you would marry me. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes."

"You said you loved me, Hilton."

"I do."

"But you are going to marry Louise, who is rich." He was silent. I put my hands upon his shoulders and looked up at him, desperate in my despair.

"Are you going to marry Louise?"

"Yes," he answered, slowly, "I am going to marry Louise. I love you, and you alone, God knows. I had a comfortable, well-bred affection for your sister, until you came, and I learned what love meant. But I must marry her. I am poor and a coward. You will learn to despise me when you know what a mercenary coward I am. But I love you so madly, so passionately, that I cannot be true to Louise in your presence. We must put the ocean between us, darling."

"The grave would be safer," I gasped.

"God help us both," he said, and turned abruptly away. He did not go into the house, and I stood like one stunned, where he had left me. Yet, what had I expected? I knew that he was to marry Louise; I had expected nothing, I was mad. From this stupor of anguish I was aroused by the sound of pistol shots. Ours was usually a quiet village, but now and then there was an outbreak among the factory hands, who lived quite at the other end of town, and the police were called upon to restore order. There had been such an outbreak this evening, a fierce quarrel ending in an attempted arrest. The chief culprit took to his heels, with a couple of police-

men in pursuit. They called upon him to stop, but he only ran the faster, so, as he came opposite to our house, they fired, just as Hilton McDonald was coming out of the gate. The arching lilac bushes had hidden him until the fugitive was beside him, and at that instant they fired. The criminal escaped, but Hilton staggered back, with a bullet in his breast.

They brought him into our house, and papa and another doctor attended him. It was a terrible wound; the bleeding could not be controlled, until, it seemed, that he must die from exhaustion; Louise helped them quietly, making no outcry, but her face looked blanched and old. He was dying, and she had a right to mourn for him. But I—I sat in the shadow of the window curtains, wild-eyed and tearless, while my heart was breaking.

Toward morning they had so far stopped the hemorrhage that he began to gain strength enough to look about, and his eyes turned from one to another, anxiously, longingly. Papa, who sat beside him, thought that he wanted Louise; he stepped to the door and called her, softly. She was lying on a lounge in the adjoining room, but when papa spoke, she was on her feet and at the bedside in an instant. Hilton looked up at her. "Am I dying?" he whispered. "We hope—" faltered Louise, and stopped. Papa put her gently aside. "Everything depends upon quiet and freedom from excitement," he said. "There is danger, then?" the faint voice insisted.

Papa always said that it was wrong to deceive a patient, so, true to his habit of a life-time, he answered, solemnly: "There is great danger."

"My mother—I would like to see my mother."

"We have telegraphed for her," answered papa, and Hilton lay quiet for many minutes, apparently thinking; then he spoke in a stronger voice: "I would like to be married—at once. I would like to leave my darling the shelter of my name, at least. I can do no more."

Papa looked at Louise; his eyes were

wet. "What do you say, my child?"

"Let it be as he wishes."

They sent out for a license, and for our old minister, and just as dawn was breaking they gathered about his bed-side, papa, Dr. Brown, the minister and Louise. Still Hilton's eyes sought some one else. "Where is she?" he whispered.

"She is here beside you, Hilton," answered papa. "Put your hand in his, Louise."

But he started up with a sudden flash of energy. "No, no! Alice, Alice, Alice!" and fell back gasping.

They thought him dying, and hastily made way for me as I threw myself upon my knees beside him, my face pressed to his, already so cold, so cold! His hand closed upon mine and he raised his eyes to the minister's face, "I will marry Alice," he said.

They had the necessary changes made in the license; and, just as the sun rose, flooding the room with golden light, the ceremony was conducted, and I was Hilton's wife; but no one left the room, no one spoke, until he gently drew me down to him and murmured, "My dear, dear wife;" and then, "Forgive me, Louise"—that was all.

Late in the afternoon, when Hilton's mother came, Louise went down to meet her, with her usual stately step and serene composure. A gentle old lady, dressed in black, rose as she entered the room.

"It is the only comfort I have," she said, holding out both hands, and in a voice husky with tears, "that I am permitted to claim my dear daughter, though I have lost my son."

Louise stopped short, all her forced calmness was broken up like ice, at the touch of his mother's hands. She dropped her head upon the elder woman's shoulder, shaking from head to foot with stormy sobbing. "There has been a mistake," she managed to utter; "I am not his wife. It is Alice. He loved Alice; he deceived me; he loved Alice!"

When she grew calmer she and papa, between them, told the story.

We buried him in the quiet churchyard near his mother's house, and then we—his mother and I—took up the burden of our broken lives together.

"GOOD MORROW, FRIEND YARROW!"

WILL I tell you how Jack proposed, and how he came to do it when he did?

Of course I will, if you want to hear.

The thing did not happen on the lawn, in the moonlight, or on the river in our little boat, or even in the shady corner of the drawing-room. Not in any of these places in which you have been expecting the scene to be laid, did it occur; but right out in the broiling sun, along a country road, in the middle of a July afternoon.

I had been making a visit at Aunt Jem's, and was about ready to go home, when Aunt Kate wrote to me to come and spend a few days with her. She was an older sister of mamma's whom I had never seen, and Aunt Jem urged me to go.

Mamma had written that Jack was back from college and had called; she added, that he had gone into business with his father, and that all the girls were charmed with him. Then followed news about people and matters till the account of home-happenings made me long to be there, and I set out for Aunt Kate's with a very rebellious spirit.

As I said I had never seen my Aunt or the farm, so I tried to gain some information from the hired man who met me at the station; but he was very taciturn, and answered all my questions with monosyllables.

When we drove up to the gate and a tall, straight, prim old lady came down the walk to meet me, my heart sank suddenly. To think of spending three whole days with such an uncompromising-looking woman, ten miles from the station and post office! It was appalling. "How do you do, Christabel?" was her greeting. "Come in and sit down till supper is ready."

Naturally this stiff reception did not put me any more at ease.

She took my "things," saw to my little luggage, and then left me alone till tea was announced.

I met my Uncle Caleb at supper, a tall, gaunt man, who said,

"How-dy-do, my dear, hope you'll enjoy yourself." After this salutation he paid no further attention to me.

There were only my two relatives and myself at table and the meal was eaten in almost total silence. I ventured one or two remarks, but Aunt Kate answered me in a whisper as though we were in church. I learned afterward that the pair considered silence an aid to digestion. When supper and prayers were over, I said to Aunt Kate:

"Let me help you with the dishes."

"Of course," she answered, "you will wash them while I strain the milk."

I was just a little surprised at her manner of accepting my offer, but I went to work cheerfully and by dusk I had finished. Presently Aunt Kate came up from the dairy. "Sit down, sit down," she commanded, abruptly, "and tell me all about your folks."

I was glad of a chance to talk and began rattling on at a great rate when she stopped me with:

"Take breath and speak more slowly, I can't understand you." This rebuff put an end to my flow of ideas, and as Aunt Kate was not naturally loquacious, conversation lagged.

About nine o'clock Uncle Caleb came in, and Aunt Kate lighted candles for retiring. She took me to my room, and as we entered, remarked more cordially than I had yet heard her speak:

"It is too bad to hurry you off to bed, but we must be up early to-morrow. We shall have twelve men for dinner—we're going to thrash." Then with a "good-night," she left me.

I lay awake for a long time thinking of Jack. I wondered whether he knew I loved him, and whether he really loved me, or whether I only fancied it. We knew each other so well maybe it was only brotherly affection, and so on in a long train of dreamy thoughts, till I fell asleep. It seemed to me I had been

asleep only a moment when I heard Uncle Caleb knock; I was scarcely wide enough awake to know where I was, but I opened the door, and he made me understand that Aunt Kate was ill. Hastily dressing, I followed him, and found my aunt suffering with a bad attack of indigestion. Uncle and I worked over the poor woman till nearly morning, when she fell asleep. I went back to bed, knowing that dinner for twelve men was to be prepared, and that I must do it.

As soon as it was light I went down stairs. There was Uncle Caleb vainly trying to cook breakfast—he is such a helpless man. I am training Jack better. Well, we managed to get something on the table for ourselves and the men, and I carried a dainty breakfast up to Aunt Kate, but she was too ill to eat it. She did not seem nearly so formidable in bed, her prim curls, hidden by a great white cap, and I began to lose my fear of her when she cast a pitying glance at me, and groaned, "Oh, you poor child; those men!"

"Never mind, auntie," I said, cheerfully, "I'll manage."

I had often been told that a farmer's wife was obliged to work, but I think no one ever had more to do than I had that morning. I did the best I could with the dairy, and at half-past eight set about dinner. Uncle Caleb came in with chickens; he put the things in a wooden pail, remarking:

"I'd clean them for you, Chrissie, but I'll have to go see about my threshers."

I had never cleaned a chicken in my life, but I went to work bravely to work, and did it well, too, only I didn't find any gizzard in a single chicken. That morning was awful, it seemed to me as though I had never got into such an unhandy house. I had to hunt every single thing I wanted, so that with running up and down stairs waiting on Aunt Kate, and worrying over a wood fire, I was nearly worn out.

None of the twelve men at dinner commented on the overdone chicken and underdone vegetables, but I felt that each man was criticizing and that each wife would hear of Uncle Caleb's inefficient cooking. I washed dishes for

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three mortal hours that afternoon. Just as I was about finishing Aunt Kate came into the room. She looked dreadfully ill, but she said firmly:

"Now, Chrissie sit down and I will begin to get supper."

At the word supper my head grew dizzy, the pots and pans seemed to be dancing a jig. I caught the edge of the table and looked at my aunt. I saw she could hardly stand, so I persuaded her to go back to bed.

She told me what to get for supper, and said I had better go up the road for apples to stew. I thought I could not possibly do it, but I started. At the gate I met Uncle Caleb, "Well, Chrissie," he said encouragingly "your day is about over, and you've worked well. I've sent for sister Martha to come over to get supper, she's on her way now."

I nodded and smiled but really I was too tired to care.

The road ahead of me looked yellow and dusty as it lay hot and long under the rays of the four o'clock sun.

A wall at the right cast a long, narrow strip of shade on the grassy bank at the side of the road, and a tree inside the wall made one dark, shady spot. It looked so inviting that I sat down to rest, and with my back against the wall and my basket at my feet, indulged in a good cry.

I was tired and homesick, and Jack didn't know where I was, and was having a good time with the other girls, and, oh dear! I was very forlorn indeed!

Finally I stopped sobbing; and as I dried my eyes I caught sight of one lonely, dusty stalk of yarrow on the bank. At the sight of that grimy, soiled blossom all my homesickness came back, and it must have been a very teary voice indeed that uttered the customary greeting, "Good morrow, friend yarrow, hope to see my sweetheart here to-morrow." Scarcely were the words spoken when I saw a pair of legs encased in black stockings and blue knickerbockers come flying over the fence, and I was tightly clasped in two strong arms, and Jack's dear voice was saying,

"Oh, Chrissie, let me be your sweetheart; don't you know I love you, dear?"

Now don't cry, dearest, look at me and tell me, am I not your sweetheart?"

Not very elegant but most comforting words were these, and I hid my head on his shoulder and murmured, "yes," as though I were afraid of being heard.

"What is the matter, dear? You look so tired," he said, after a minute, during which we had looked, and looked, and looked at each other. "And how does it happen you are here? I thought you were at your Aunt Jem's—I was going up to see you."

Then I told him my day's experience, and ended with a few more tears.

"Never mind, dearest, I'll never be a farmer and have threshers to dinner," Jack said consolingly, "and we'll ask the market men to bring us chickens with gizzards in them."

"I don't like gizzards anyway," I said laughing through my tears—Jack was such a comfort.

He went on reproachfully, "I wish I had only known what forlorn maid that was weeping over the wall. I did not know your voice when you cried, if you had laughed it would have been more familiar."

Just then it occurred to me that Jack's being on the spot was a little out of the ordinary course of events, and I exclaimed, "How did you happen to be on the other side of the wall?"

"It does seem strange," he answered

with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "that I could stay on the opposite side of the wall when you were on this. But I didn't stay there long when I discovered the weeping damsel was you, sweet."

"The dear old yarrow," I said, "It has brought me my sweetheart."

"Yes darling," Jack said kindly, "I would never have had courage to tell you if I had not heard your heart-broken petition to that dusty bit of yarrow. What a little heathen you are!"

But he looked as though he approved of heathens, and I felt as though I could cook supper for fifty men."

We went back to the house to find Uncle Caleb's sister Martha getting supper. She kissed me on both cheeks, and banished me from the kitchen, declaring that I had done my share. Jack and I walked down to the little brook, and he told me that he was on a pedestrian tour with four of his chums. He had gone a different way to see an aunt and was to join the rest that night.

He had lain down under the tree to rest, had fallen asleep and only waked when he heard me crying.

It was four weeks before I left the farm. I found it a delightful place and learned to love Uncle and Aunt dearly. Jack and I were married the next winter, though Jack says he never asked me to marry him, and come to think of it he didn't!



JACK MIDDLETON'S MOTHER.

BY CHARLES S. CHELTNAM.

EC-HO! Special edition!

"Yer yar, sir! Take mine, sir!

I see yer fust, sir!"

"No, sir! I was first, please, sir."

Two young ragamuffins, with seemingly not a pin's choice between them, were the speakers, and probably I should not have noticed either of them specially but for the occurrence of a momentary episode, in which they played very strongly contrasting parts.

In taking a penny out of my pocket to pay for the paper which the more active of the two boys had thrust into my hand by the summary process of shouldering his competitor aside, I had, without being aware of the fact, let fall a quarter, which had rolled a yard or two away.

The boy who had served me with the paper had seen the coin fall, and scarcely stayed to take his half-penny before darting after it; but the boy he had distanced by his bit of sharp practice had also seen the coin fall, and had picked it up by the time the other reached him. A moment later I came upon them, and overheard this significant scrap of dialogue:

"Yah! Yer ain't a-goin' ter be such a juggins as ter giv' it 'im back, are yer!"

"Yes, I am," said the other.

"Git out! Don't be a fool! Cop it now yer got it. He do' know as he's lost it, an' nobody but me see yer pick it up. Look 'ere, you just gi' me 'arves, that's wot yer got to do, if ye're goin' ter be one of my pals; an' if yer aint—well, don't you come 'ere agin, tryin' ter sell no Ekkers, 'cos I won't let yer. So look out!"

Though as yet I was in the dark as to the meaning of all this, I had heard enough to satisfy me that the boy to whom these threats were addressed was being bullied by the other, a boy about twelve years of age, as well as I could guess, and not bigger than himself, but with a hardened look of the streets in his face—a horrible look when one



"YOU JUST GI' ME 'ARVES."

pauses to examine it and to think how it has come to be stamped upon the face of a boy but little past the years of his infancy, suggesting a doubt, indeed, whether he can ever have known such a time of life.

The second boy, equally tattered as he was as to clothing, I could see at a glance exhibited, distinctly, points of advantage over him. He was cleaner, both as to

flesh and dress, and the stamp or stain of precocious experience was not recognizable in his face. It also occurred to my mind that the few words I had heard him speak were better spoken, and, in

commanded sufficient firmness of mind, or rigidity of moral purpose, to put it into execution. I hold honesty to be a normal condition, and so, rarely if ever to be dealt with as if it were exceptional and extraordinary. The custom of rewarding poor people for doing something which all persons, whether rich or poor, are under primary obligation to do, has always appeared to me calculated to do harm to character, to confound simple moral obligation with virtue, never attainable except by effort, and mostly by sacrifice.

My first impulse was to say to this honest lad, "You are a good boy, keep the money;" but the thought crossed my mind, that the good which this small sum might do him might be a hundred times weighed down by the evil done to him, by linking in his young mind, the idea of honesty with that of reward.

I watched his face closely as I took the piece of money from his hand; I could not detect in it the slightest expression of disappointment or regret. The fact struck me, I admit. I knew nothing about this poor boy, or of his companionships, more than I had just seen; there would have been nothing surprising, then—nothing, indeed, more than I might have expected to see—if

he had parted with this treasure with some small show of reluctance. But he did nothing of the sort—evidently looking for no return beyond the thanks I gave him.

He was turning quietly away, to sell his papers if he could, but, I delayed him.

"How long have you been at this trade?"

The blood, I remarked, rushed into his face, and the next moment deserted it; and he half stammered as he answered:

"Only a few weeks, sir."

"Can you make a living out of it?" I inquired, not insensible to the grim irony



"PLEASE, SIR," HE SOBBED, "I CAN'T TELL YOU."

themselves, more correct than those which had issued from the other's lips.

My observation of the two boys, which was only that of a moment, was cut short by the one who had picked up my money raising his eyes and seeing me. Without the least sign of hesitancy, he held out the coin, saying:

"Please, sir, you dropped this."

The other boy turned away in angry disgust.

"Did I?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, when you took out the penny to pay the other boy."

Here I must make a remark which is personal to myself—enunciate a principle, while confessing that I have not always

of asking a small boy of twelve years old whether he could "make a living" out of anything in the nature of work.

"Some days, sir," he replied.

"When there happens to be something exciting in the paper—a shocking murder, or a big burglary?"

"If—yes, sir," he stammered. And again I noticed the ebb and flow of blood in his cheeks, but without paying any special heed to the fact.

"Have you tried your hand at anything else?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"Not as an errand-boy?"

"No, sir. I'm not strong enough for most places of that sort, sir—and they don't give wages enough, even if I were to get taken on on trial."

"Ah! your parents are very poor, then?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, with marked hesitation.

I had no particular object in thus catechising the poor boy in this way, but there was something in his manner which drew me on—his flushing and now his hesitancy. My interest in him was almost unconsciously to myself, being aroused.

"If a good boy's place were offered you, have you got a character to give?" I asked.

For a moment he paused, and when he answered his eyes were downcast, his face white, and there were tears in his voice as he said, almost in a whisper:

"No, sir."

"Had one and lost it, do you mean?" I said.

"No, sir."

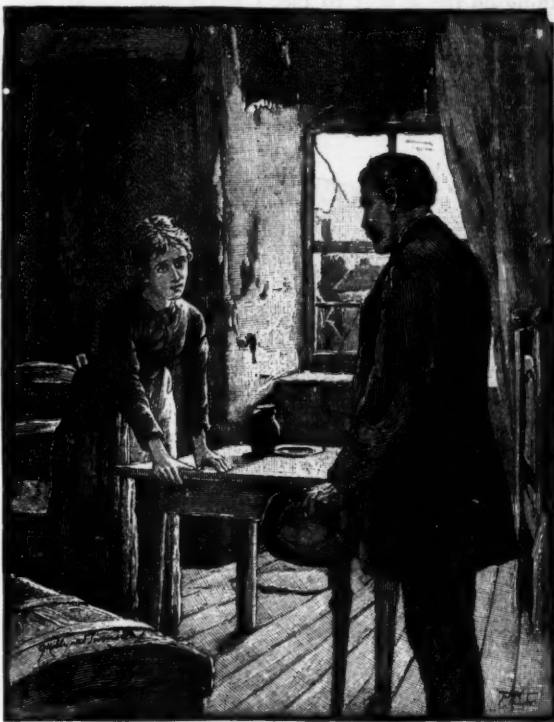
"You have never been in trouble—never done anything wrong?"

"No, sir—never."

Tears burst from his eyes, which were soon made red and swollen by the appli-

tion of his knuckles. He was a good boy and a frank-minded boy—of that I felt quite sure; but I felt equally certain that he had a secret, and that he was withholding it from me. I had been examining him closely all the time I was speaking, and, little by little, the interest he had awakened within me had increased.

"Well, now—look here," I said, "I



"FOR PITY'S SAKE DO NOT SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT!"

want a boy about your size and age to be in my rooms while I am out; have you a mother?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" he replied, almost eagerly.

"Then, as you have no character to give me, I'll see her."

"No, sir!—no! you can't see my mother, sir!" he cried, with unmistakable terror in his voice.

"Why not?" I asked, questioning

him as closely with my eyes as with my lips.

"Please, sir," he sobbed, "I can't tell you."

I paused, for I saw that I was torturing this poor boy in my very effort to be of service to him.

"Very well," I said; "I'll not ask you any more questions. Think of what I have said to you, and if, after you have done that, you would like to say anything on the subject to me, I often pass this spot, and I daresay you will recognize me—if you do not already know me by sight."

"Oh, yes, sir, I know you very well by sight, and thank you very kindly, sir,

"How many papers have you got left to sell?" I asked.

"Two dozen, sir," he answered, after rapidly counting them.

"All right!" I said; "I'll clear you out. Here's the money. Take them to my rooms over yonder, and give them to the landlady for me." And I gave him my card.

On returning late at night, I found the pile of *Echos* encumbering my writing-table; and my talk with the boy of whom I had bought them returned fully, not to say importunately, to my mind before I could find release from it in sleep. One fact, in particular, kept returning to my mind—that, though I had spoken to the poor lad about his mother, I had not asked him anything about his father—had, in truth, not once thought of that individual, if there was such a person extant.

A week or ten days passed without my seeing my newspaper boy, though I had many times been by the spot which I supposed to be his beat, if that is the right word to use in that connection; but, one morning, on reaching my chambers, I found him there waiting to see me.

He was looking very pale and miserable, as if he had been ill—as if he were still ill, in fact—and I noticed that there were discolored circles about his eyes. I asked him what had been the matter with him, and he told me he had been laid up ever since I saw him last.

This was his story:

Nearly as soon as I left him, a few minutes only after he had delivered the papers at my rooms, he was set on by the boy who had wanted him to share with him the money he had seen me drop, and by this young brute and some others of his kidney, had been hustled, savagely beaten, and plundered.



for what you've said," he replied, still through his tears.

I was turning away, but suddenly remembered that, while I had been holding him in conversation, the brief time in which he could hope to sell his papers had been passing away from him.

him, a few minutes only after he had delivered the papers at my rooms, he was set on by the boy who had wanted him to share with him the money he had seen me drop, and by this young brute and some others of his kidney, had been hustled, savagely beaten, and plundered.

His eyes were both blackened, his head was cut and otherwise hurt, and he had hardly strength enough left to get to his home. Then his mother had bound up his head as well as she could, and for two days he had been unconscious and delirious; and after that he was so weak as not to be able to go out; and at last, when he was strong enough to go, he had no money to buy any papers, and—and—

"And then you thought of coming to see me?" I suggested.

"No, sir—it wasn't in that way, sir. When I told my mother how it was the boys set on me, I told her of what you said to me, and of your kind offer to give me a place, if—if——"

"If I were satisfied with your mother's account of you; I remember. Well—what did she say to that?"

"Please, sir, it made her cry for days together, and nearly broke her heart."

These words were simple enough, and, heaven knows, the boy's way of speaking them was as simple as the words; but they distressed me. A mystery—a tragic mystery, I divined—underlay them.

"Did your mother blame you for not letting me see her?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sir! She said I had done quite right in that. But all the time I was ill she thought about it; and when I was able to get out, and she couldn't give me any money to buy some papers with—even half a quire—she cried worse than ever, and at last she told me to come and tell you that, if you would kindly take the trouble to go so far as Harlem, she would gratefully see you."

It seemed to me, as I listened, that this poor boy's story might, as the saying is, "move a heart of stone;" it moved mine—whence, if I needed the assurance, I think I might safely conclude that my heart is made of a more sensitive material.

"I will go," I said, without debating the matter. There are things which it is better to do on the spur of the moment, and this, I instinctively felt, was one of that sort.

In half an hour I was talking with my little newspaper-boy's mother.

The room into which I was conducted

—it was a back room on the third floor, entered from a dirt-begrimed landing-place, lighted by a window that had certainly not been cleaned for many years, and had two or three panes of broken glass in it—the room into which I was conducted was as poor in aspect as a dwelling-place of poverty could be; still, bare as it was, it showed a manifest effort at cleanliness.

But, from the moment of entering it, I took very little heed of the room and its furniture; my whole attention was given to its mistress, who rose to receive me. As my eyes fell upon her worn and almost bloodless face, my heart felt as if seized and spasmodically pressed by a nervous hand.

Mrs. Middleton, worn by sorrow and lack of sufficient food, and with hair becoming prematurely gray, was, I could see, yet but little over thirty years of age. To my eyes, she was still a beautiful woman; to eyes that had looked on her face ten or a dozen years earlier, she must have appeared strikingly beautiful. There was a stamp of grace on her bearing which neither bodily weakness nor poorness of attire could conceal. She was above rather than below the middle height. She wore a black gown of some woolen material, frayed and threadbare, but to which—heaven knows how—she contrived to give an air of unstudied neatness. But it was her eyes—her large, soft, sad blue eyes (made larger by the paleness and thinness of her face) that riveted my gaze, in which I seemed to read the history of a beautiful woman's wreck, before a word had been uttered by her white lips.

"It is very kind of you, sir, to take so much trouble on account of my poor boy," she said, inviting me to be seated.

If I had had any doubt before, I could have none now. I was addressed by a woman who had been reared in the midst of refinement, the spirit of which remained with her indelibly. She seated herself, after I had taken the chair she had offered me, and continued—

"My boy is a very good boy, or I do not think I should be speaking with you now." She paused; then, after a moment's thought, said, "Jack, dear, go

out and walk about for a few minutes ; I shall be better able to tell this gentleman what he wants to know about you."

"Go and see whether there is anything startling in the newspaper bulletins—and bring me back a paper, if there is," I said cheerfully, handing him a half-dollar. It was on the tip of my tongue to add, "and bring back something for you and your mother to eat ;" but a look at the beautiful pale face before me imposed, I knew not why, silence upon my lips.

As soon as we were alone, Mrs. Middleton—who had followed her boy out of the room with looks of almost anguished tenderness in her great, sad eyes, said :

"It was not in consequence of any instruction from me that my boy hesitated to accept your kind offer to befriend him, but from fear of giving me pain."

I hastened to interrupt her. I was agitated. It seemed to me that I owed her an apology.

"I'm afraid I acted very thoughtlessly in all that," I stammered. "Pray forgive me, madam ; I—had I need say it?—no idea—"

She started. A shiver ran through her enfeebled frame, and on the breath of an irrepressible sob she cried :

"Oh, sir ! for pity's sake do not speak to me like that !"

She had fallen into a passionate fit of weeping, and I could find no words to soothe her. For a moment, I wished myself anywhere away from that wretched lodging ; but I was fascinated, held by the unseeable bonds of an unmasterable sympathy.

"Pray forgive me, sir ; I am in a highly nervous condition, and unable at moments to put a proper restraint upon my feelings," she said, as soon as she had recovered a certain degree of calmness. "I have gone through great troubles—have great troubles still before me, in which my poor boy has had, and must still have, his share. For your kindness of intention towards him, no gratitude can be greater than ours ; but, for that reason, I wish you to know who and what are the persons you are willing to benefit."

She dried her eyes, and her resolution seemed to take courage as she spoke :

"You already know—a word which you have spoken has told me—that I and my boy have known better days ; before you think further of befriending us, it is right that you should know why you find us in the state in which you now see us : it is right, on every account, that you should be thoroughly informed how our present misery has come upon us, and what it really is. My boy is the son of a convict, now undergoing life sentence in Sing Sing ; he knows this, God help him ! and it is this which he had not the courage to tell you, when you asked him what reference as to character he could give you."

I was startled by this wholly unlooked-for revelation, and I was conscious of being quite unable to conceal from her the painful surprise it had caused me.

"That my poor boy has no share in his father's guilt I need not say," she went on ; "but the world, in its wisdom, or in its heedlessness of strict right, includes him in his father's punishment by branding him with the stigma of 'convict's son,' so warning all men to be specially on their guard against trusting him. That it should be so is unjust, cruel ; but the unhappy ones on whom this injustice falls only add a misery the more to their load by denunciations that can bring them no remedy."

I confess—to my shame perhaps—that in my agitation I did not know what reply to make to all she had said ; not that I for an instant disagreed with her view of the hardship of her son's case.

"Oh, sir !" she continued, "if I could tell you the whole story, you would see that the position of my poor boy is a specially hard one. When he was born, the life before him was as fair and promising as that of any child could be. I was married at twenty, out of a family not rich but abundantly well-to-do, to a man of my own sphere—a man well educated, and with talents, as a painter, that might have secured to him a name and ample means, a fortune even. Ours was a love match, we thought ; and I, at least, was happy for the first two years of our wedded life. Then there came a change in him ; he made fresh acquaintances, out of his own circle, and, step by

step, wandered away into what is called the world of pleasure. He ceased to paint, he took to drink, he passed most of his time away from home, he squandered my little fortune in dissipation, and, next, he reduced me and my child to homelessness."

She told me all this without a tinge of bitterness in her voice, only a sadness, as of a misfortune that must be borne with patience, because it is irremediable.

"Then," she continued, "there followed a time when I saw him only at lengthened intervals. How he lived I knew not; I and my boy would have starved but for the money I raised on the few rings and trinkets I had saved out of the home-wreck. My parents would have taken me back to them, but only on condition that I sought a divorce from my husband; and, for the good of my boy, I thought, I decisively refused to accept that condition."

Here a flood of tears checked her utterance for a minute or more, and I debated with myself whether I was not acting a cruel part by suffering her to put herself to this pain; but I was deeply—much more deeply than I could at the moment account for—interested in the story of her trials, and could not bring myself to check her confidences.

"Could I have foreseen at that time, all the misery and shame that now weigh upon me and my poor boy would have been averted," she went on. "I have said I did not know how my husband lived. Perhaps, even disgraced as he was, he might have retrieved himself by returning to his profession as a painter; but he never made the least effort in that direction. Later, I learned that his sole means of subsistence were the precarious gains of an outside book-maker; and, later still—oh, my God!—what it was I then learned!—that he had become one of a daring gang of burglars; that he had been captured, convicted, sentenced to five years.

"How long back was that?" I asked, hastily, for the horror of this scoundrel's return flashed upon my mind.

This suggestion of the horrors that might be hanging over these two mis-

fortune-stricken beings filled me with mingled alarm and indignation; further mixed, I own, with a feeling of cowardice, which urged me to get away from its contemplation.

"How long have you contrived to live without assistance?" I asked nervously and inconsequently.

She replied: "I have been able to get an engagement at one or other of the theatres for a few weeks at Christmas-time, until last winter, when, to add to my trouble, I feel ill—too ill to encounter the fatigue. It was then that my boy first went into the dreadful streets, and helped to save his mother from starvation by selling newspapers. But he has told you of the peril, that life is beyond his powers; and so it is that, turning to your kind offer, I resolved to tell you the whole truth concerning him before allowing him to accept it."

I was about to say, "Let him come to me at once," when I heard sounds of hurrying footsteps upon the stairs. The room door flew open, and the poor boy, a newspaper in his hand, his face white as ashes, and his eyes seemingly starting from his head, rushed in, almost shrieking—

"Oh, mother! mother!"

"Jack, my darling! my darling! what is the matter?"

The agonized boy had thrown himself wildly at her knees, and, sobbing convulsively, buried his face in her lap.

"My Jack! my darling! don't cry so, but tell me what has happened to you," cried his mother, lovingly soothing him, with hands and voice.

"My father! my father!" he sobbed.

"Oh, my God! you have not seen him?—it is not that?" she asked, in a fainting tone.

"Mother, dear mother, I can't tell you: it's in the newspaper!"

I snatched up the paper which had dropped from his trembling hand. My eyes seemed drawn as by a magnet to an article made conspicuous by having three or four head-lines in large type: "Desperate attempt to escape from Sing Sing," "Several warders badly wounded," "The prisoner killed."

Yes, there could be no doubt about it:

the prisoner who had made so murderous an attempt to regain his forfeited liberty was Gilbert Middleton, the father of my newspaper-boy, the husband of the martyred woman now trembling before my eyes; and that, in defending themselves, the warders had inflicted injuries on him that had caused his death.

With a terrified gesture, Mrs. Middleton held out her hand for the paper, and, hardly conscious of what I was doing, I gave it up to her. A bare glance sufficed to assure her that she was a widow. Then, with incredible strength, she snatched up her boy, and enveloped him in her embraces, her uncontrollable sobs mingling with his.

I did not then pause to analyze, or in any way even to account for my feelings; but I was sensible, on leaving the mother and son to the privacy of their affection and sorrow, that I carried away with me a strange sort of satisfaction, both because Mrs. Middleton was forever released from further contact with a man who had filled her life so far with misery, and because I knew, as well as if her heart had been my own, that the hour of her wakening to the truth

had come early in her wedded life, and that she had never for a moment loved him afterwards.

By the employment of a little diplomacy, I prevailed on her to permit me to help her to live until the state of her health enabled her to find employment of some kind. Jack I at once took into my service, as I had at first proposed to do. By good fortune, I was, after a while, enabled to do something better still for both mother and son: by my persuasion, her father (now a widower), who had known but little of her sufferings during the years of their estrangement, welcomed her back to the hearth of her childhood.

Two years have passed since then; the youthful roundness, if not all the girlish rose-hue, has returned to Mrs. Middleton's cheeks. I think she is the most beautiful woman I have ever looked upon; I am sure she is the best; and her Jack and I are as much to each other as any father could be; and some day, perhaps—

•How strange—how solemn, it may be—such happiness would seem, in the memory of all that had gone before it!



A SONATA OF BEETHOVEN'S.

I WAS weary. All day long my heart
Had borne a load of sorrow, and I sat
At nightfall, from the chattering throng apart,
Vexed by its idle talk of this and that.

I can remember, now, the shadowy room—
The moonlight at the window, white and faint,
And fancies that a ghost was in the room,
And the low wind the voice of its complaint.

Some one moved in the shadow, and I heard
The tread of quiet feet. Then, soft and low,
One long, sweet chord of music rose and stirred
My heart strings that had been attuned to woe.

I listened spellbound as the player played.
Now moaned the music like a lonesome sea,
Telling of losses, and of griefs that made
All sorrowing ones of earth akin to me.

I fancied, as I listened, I could hear
The universal story of the heart,
Set to sad, minor music, with a tear
To mark each pause, and keep the words apart.

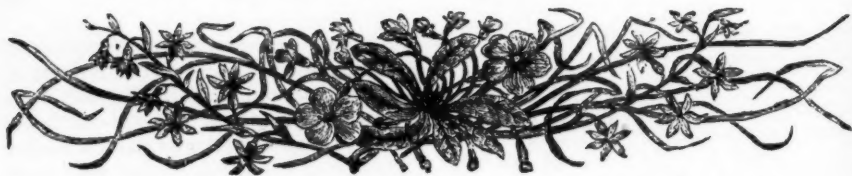
Blind with hot tears that I could not repress
Upon my folded hands my face I laid,
And felt my heart beat heavy with the stress
Of sorrow in the plaint the music made.

Then came a change. The wailing died away
As does the wind among the pines at night,
And in the music seemed a voice to say,
“Look up and hope! The shadows yield to light!”

Peace gave my heart its balm. I seemed a leaf
Adrift upon a calm and sunlit stream,
And I forgot my troubles, and my grief
Was like the thought of things heard in a dream.

It seemed to me, so grand the chords and sweet,
As if God's hands upon the keys were pressed,
And in deep silence, sitting at His feet,
I heard Him play His symphony of rest.

Eben E. Rexford.



THE CLOVER CLUB.

ANSWER TO FEBRUARY PUZZLE. ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES.

STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

1. Naughty boys to school late straying.
2. Met an organ man a-playing,
Bribed him with small sum of money.

3. To play "Ta-ra" and "Annie Rooney."

All the morn before the door,
Till the teacher paced the floor;

4. Teacher first to fury wrought,
Next conceived a happy thought;
5. Organ grinder is quite willing
To stop playing for a shilling.
6. Then the culprits train, does he,
Gently place across his knee,
And a bunch of hick'ry switches
Briskly lays upon their breeches.

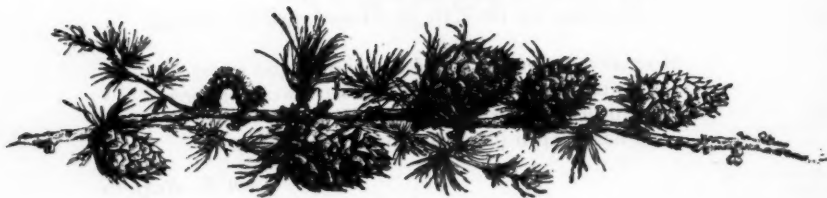
ELIMINATIONS.—¹ Beast—best. ² Below—blow. ³ Leash—lash. ⁴ Maxim—maim. ⁵ Wheat—what. ⁶ Nears—ears. ⁷ Pedal—peal. ⁸ Plane—plan. ⁹ Groat—grot. ¹⁰ Palms—alms. ¹¹ Sloop—slop. ¹² Strap—trap. ¹³ Cease—case.

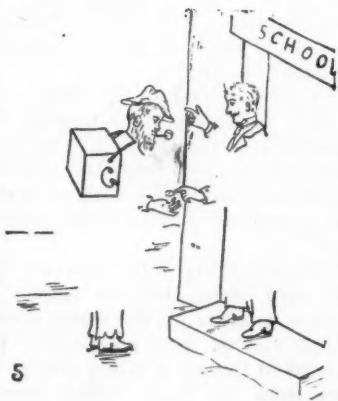
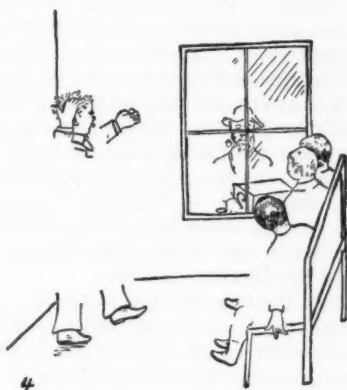
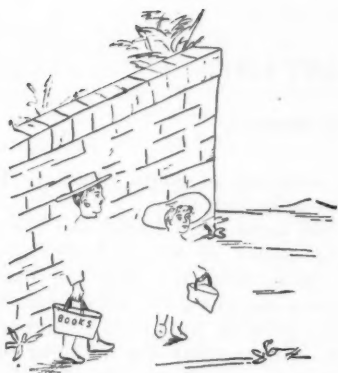
Alexander Pope.

1, 2, 3, 4—care. 5, 6, 7—ful=careful.

PI.

That which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful temples bind.
It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale that held that lovely dear,
A narrow compass; and yet there
Dwelt all that's young, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound;
Take all the rest the sun goes round.





A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

WONDERS IN PLANT LIFE.

BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS.

WITH bread and milk, and even bedding supplied by the trees and vegetables, growing wild in great abundance, it would seem that "providing a living" requires very little exertion on the part of the inhabitants of various tropical countries, who depend, to a great extent, upon the natural resources of the land for supplying their wants.

These wonders of plant life are a source of constant surprise to those who enjoy the research concerning their growth and characteristics. The bread-fruit-tree and the cow-tree, as they are commonly called, are perhaps the best known of the curious vegetable growths, but other trees and plants are constantly being added to the list, and described by various travelers, and conflicting opinions in regard to well known sorts, prove that different varieties of the same plant wonder are found in different countries.

Take the cow-tree for instance. The earlier travelers and naturalists describe it as a plant called *Palo de Vaca*, which "produces a glutinous liquid, like an animal. It frequently grows upon the barren sides of a rock, and has dry coriaceous leaves. For several months of the year its foliage is not moistened by a single shower of rain, and its branches appear entirely dried up; but upon piercing the trunk, particularly at the rising of the sun, there flows a sweet and nourishing yellow juice, having a balsamic perfume, with many of the qualities of milk.

"In the morning, the natives of the country in which this vegetable fountain grows, visit it with bowls, in which they carry home its milk for their children."

We are told the Araguans call it the cow; the Cauaguans the milk-tree. Perhaps the best authentic accounts of this tree are given by the well-known plant authorities (Henderson, Allen and others) of our own country, who describe

the cow-tree of South America—*Brosimum galac todendron*.

This forms large forests on the arid, rocky plains of South America, being the most abundant near the town of Cariaco and along the seacoast of Venezuela, growing more than a hundred feet high, with a trunk six or eight feet in diameter, and without branches for the first sixty or seventy feet of its height. The leaves are of a leathery texture, strongly veined, and of a deep shining green color, about a foot long and three or four inches broad.

This tree yields a copious supply of rich and wholesome milk, which is said to be as nutritious as that from the cow. Strange as it may appear, the cow-tree belongs to the same natural order which embraces the supposed deadly upas; it is but slightly removed from the order which includes the fig and the mulberry, and some species of the *fiscus* genus, the milky fluid of which is the source of our caoutchouc, or India rubber.

The bland and nutritious juice yielded by the cow-tree has been found, on analysis, to contain thirty per cent. of galactine, the analogous principle to lactine, or the sugar of animal milk. The juice is obtained from the tree by making incisions in the bark, and is collected by the natives in gourds.

We are indebted for the first accurate account of this curious tree to Baron Humboldt. He drank of the milk at Porto Cabello, and described it as thick, gelatinous, bland, and without acidity, and possessing a balmy and agreeable odor.

It is used along with cassava and Indian corn bread, and the natives grow sensibly fatter during the season when the milk is yielded most copiously. When exposed to the air a curdy matter separates from the fluid, which resembles cheese.

The natives profess to be able to recog-

nize in the color and thickness of the foliage, the trunks that yield the most juice. The milk from this tree is the principal food of the natives for several months of the year; they go as regularly to these trees in the morning for their supply of food as do our farmers to their cows.

In describing this celebrated tree, Henderson tells us that it produces a milk unlike most other vegetable milks, being perfectly wholesome, very nourishing, and possessing an agreeable taste like that of sweet cream; its only unpleasant quality being a certain amount of stickiness. Like animal milk it quickly forms a yellow cheesy scum on the surface and after a few days turns sour.

In mentioning the upas tree of Java in connection with the cow-tree, as belonging to the same natural order, we would give the impression that the milky juice that exudes when the tree is cut or bruised, is at all similar to the nutritious cow-tree. The milk of the upas tree is very poisonous, but by no means so deadly as exaggerated accounts would lead us to believe.

It is found in the volcanic districts of Java, where another poisonous plant "Kali-mujah," or Death Plant, has also been discovered. Many startling tales are told of instant death caused by handling the branches or collecting the juices of the upas tree, or inhaling the perfume of the beautiful blossoms of the "Kali-mujah;" and it is said that no plants or animals or birds can live near these plants; but the fact that they have been found growing in the celebrated valley of Java has probably given them this evil reputation. As there is a constant evolution of carbonic acid gas in this vicinity, through volcanic agency, it is natural for travelers to suppose that the poisonous nature of the trees and plants is much more deadly than is really the case, when men, as well as birds and insects, inhale this gas so fatal to air breathing animals and fall victims to this invisible danger. It has been proved beyond doubt that at least some varieties of Upas are not so deadly as usually supposed, for Mr. Davidson tells of how he, with a number of other friends, climbed up into the tree,

took lunch, smoked cigars, and enjoyed a few hours socially in its branches.

Still more closely related to the cow-tree (*Brosimum Galactodendron*), is the bread-nut tree of Jamaica (*Brosimum Alicastrum*). This tree bears fruit about an inch in diameter, which contains a single nut or seed which has the taste of hazel-nuts when roasted or boiled, and forms a pleasant and nourishing article of food.

The valuable bread-fruit tree of the tropics (*Artocarpus*), belongs to the same order as the bread-nut tree. In description of this, as well as those of the cow-tree, our American authorities agree in regard to the fruit, as well as the growth and character of the tree; and we are led to suppose that the celebrated tree originally found in the South Sea Islands, the southeastern parts of Asia, and the islands of the Pacific, show the same characteristics as those which have since been introduced into South America and the West Indies.

Allen tells us that this very interesting and singular product of the vegetable kingdom offers to the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands a valuable substitute for bread, and enables the happy islanders, by the labor of a few hours in planting the bread-fruit, to fulfill the duty to their own and future generations, as effectually as the natives of less temperate climates, by plowing in the spring-time and reaping in the summer heat. The bread-fruit is not only a useful tree, but very beautiful and symmetrical. The trunk of a fully developed tree is from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter, and rises to the height of about forty feet. The lower branches are about ten or twelve feet from the ground, and as they all come out in a horizontal manner, becoming shorter and shorter as they near the top, the effect is very fine.

The leaves, with seven to nine lobes, are about eighteen inches to two feet long, and of a lively green. The fruit is about nine inches long, heart-shaped, of a greenish color, and marked with hexagonal warts in clusters. The pulp is white, partly farinaceous and partly fibrous; but when quite ripe it becomes yellow and juicy. This fruit lasts in

season about eight months in the year, during which the natives eat no other sort of bread food. Such is its abundance that two or three trees will suffice for a man's yearly supply; a store being made into a sour paste, called *mahe* in the islands, which is eaten during the unproductive seasons.

When the fruit is roasted until the outside is charred, the pulp has a consistency not very unlike that of wheaten bread, and the taste is intermediate between that of bread and roasted chestnuts. It is said to be very nourishing, and is prepared in various ways by the natives; usually being cut into pieces and roasted or baked in ovens on the ground.

This valuable tree supplies other necessities as well; the timber, although soft, is found useful in the construction of houses and boats; the flowers dried, serve for tinder; the juice answers for bird lime and glue; the leaves for packing and for towels; and the inner bark, beaten together, makes a kind of South Sea cloth.

Quite as wonderful, in its way, as the curious trees described, is the plant by means of which nature supplies mankind with bed and bedding in the savage wilderness of Lycksele, Lapland. The *Polytrichum commune* or great hair moss, grows luxuriantly in the damp for-

ests, and is used for this purpose. The inhabitants choose the starry-headed plants, out of the tuft of which they cut a surface as large as they please, for a bed and bolster; separating it from the earth beneath, and although the roots are scarcely branched, they are, nevertheless, so much entangled as not to separate from each other.

This mossy covering is very soft and elastic, not growing hard by pressure; and if a similar portion of it be made to serve as a coverlet, nothing can be warmer or more comfortable. If it becomes too dry and compressed, its former elasticity is restored by a little moisture.

These wonders of plant life could be continued indefinitely, until we learn how various drugs are obtained, and powders and liquids valuable for cookery and household helps, as well as for medicinal properties. How strychnine is obtained from the bitter, orange-like fruit of *Strichnos nux-vomica*. How certain plants—*Salicornia*—which grow abundantly on the coasts of Southern Europe and Northern Africa, yield large quantities of soda, which is employed in making both soap and glass, etc., etc. But enough has been described to encourage a careful research into the mysteries of plant life, which is sure to prove not only interesting but vastly instructive.



CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN NET.

BY MARGUERITE EARLE KLEETON.

PART I.

I'LL never marry; no, girls, you may depend upon me for one in keeping up an anti-matrimonial club," said May Harland to her three young friends, all girls of ages ranging from eighteen to twenty years.

"Now, May,

'As the ancients

Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow y' are like to reap;

and if you make any such rash promise we may not allow you to break it. And mark my words, you will be the first one to want to organize a matrimonial club of two," said bright-eyed little Mazie Dupont.

"Yes," said Nell Grayson, "just imagine how May will look when she gets up and says that she no longer opposes matrimony; that she has found the right man and hopes we may ere long be as fortunate and happy as she is. Then won't we quote some of her daring speeches!"

"Now, girls, it is really unfair in you all to turn on me in that way," said May when they had finished their laugh. "When I get to that stage where there is

'But one beloved face on earth,'

I'll tell you about it and ask you for a cure."

"Which is matrimony, pure and simple," said Ruth Mawe, a bright, mischievous brunette, with saucy, laughing eyes.

These four girls had been classmates, and quite as inseparable during their school days as they were now.

Always together at school, they had missed each other's company when, on leaving school, they had their time taken up with society. Then it was that they really appreciated the good times they had spent together, and determined that even Mrs. Grundy should not destroy the delightful intimacy which had so long kept them united.

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After talking it over, they had decided to meet once a week, and each member was to accept no invitation for that evening, when they would have a "jolly time" all to themselves.

They had no object in meeting beyond having a quiet old-time evening together, and as they all spoke against marrying Ruth proposed calling it the Anti-matrimonial Club, to which all gladly acquiesced; the name and all proceedings, however, to be kept secret.

They looked more like applicants for, than opposers of matrimony, for it would have been hard to have found a brighter quartette of sweet girls than those who met that winter evening.

Fair-haired, bonny May sat on the arm of a large easy chair, her arm thrown around the neck of the loved and lovable Mazie, who was fairly buried in the same chair, while the mischievous, fun-loving Ruth sat at her feet, and the queenly Nell, a beautiful blonde, stood before them, critically examining the group.

But to return to the girls who are still discussing their own affairs, until a noise in an adjoining room attracts their attention; but, after waiting awhile and hearing nothing more, they concluded it was a mistake.

"Now, girls," resumed Ruth, after the interruption, "we must be very careful as to the name and object of our club, or we will be the laughing-stock of our set."

"Yes," said Mazie, "they will think we have become encouraged at the success of the Bachelor's Club, and wish to follow their example."

"And what was that, pray?" asked Nell.

"Why, girly, it is strange you never heard of that august body! There were a number of young men who furnished rooms beautifully, and were known as the Bachelor's Club, but inside of a year every one of its members had married, and now the rooms are to let."

"Oh! preserve us from such a fate!"

exclaimed Ruth. "Girls, if there is any possibility of such disaster pray don't let us furnish a room."

"The very idea!" said May. "When we get possession of that lovely big sky parlor, which Mazie's mother has offered us, we will want to meet there every evening instead of only once a week. As all of the sensible men of our set are either married or too old, and only duds and widowers left, I think we are safe—at least excuse me from them."

"What about Mr. Dumas then, as he seems free from both evils?" asked Ruth, giving May a pinch.

"Oh, I've only known him for a few days, and of course do not know to which class he belongs," said May, flushing.

"But not too soon to learn to love him," whispered Mazie.

"Now girls, I will have to draw up rules and regulations to keep you in order if you don't stop," said Nell, laughing at May's confusion. "Let us give each other credit for being able to look at and talk to a man without falling in love with him."

"We give in," said Mazie, "and beg the pardon of your excellency when you hold such things as *rules* over our heads—for we have often had occasion to remember those brass-edged foot rules of yours."

Mr. Dumas, already referred to, was the son of an old classmate of Mr. Harland. He was in the city on business, and Mr. Harland had taken great pleasure in entertaining him, and making his stay as pleasant as possible.

He had intended remaining only two days, but a week had already passed, and he was as loth to leave as the family were to see him go. He had not been in the family so long without finding out what a charming girl May was, and he determined that she was just the kind of a woman he would choose for a wife: her's was the one sweet face he would be proud to see in that stately New York mansion, left unoccupied since his mother's death.

May thought him the "most sensible young man" she had ever met; "not one bit of sentimentality about him, always ready for a good talk, and equally willing to indulge in some fun," so she

told the girls. She did not, however, tell them of her secret thoughts; how it pained her to think of the time when she would say good bye; and one day when he had spoken of his return, he had started to say something more, but her father entered the room and it was left unsaid. Since then she had often found herself thinking of him, wondering what he would have said had her father not entered, and how she could bring herself to say "No" to what she thought he had meant to ask—for, belonging to the club, she could but refuse him.

On this evening, when the girls met at May's home, there was a grand concert to which the entire family were going—Mr. Dumas gladly accompanying them, hoping to be near May.

When he reached the hall and found that she was not to be of the party, however, he soon excused himself, returning to the house, and was fortunate enough to find the door unlocked, so his entry was unobserved.

After fastening the door, he was about to enter the parlor, when he heard May's voice, and at once knew that there was company.

"So this is why she did not go out to-night. I might have known as much. What a stupid I have been to imagine she has been waiting for me, when there are better-looking fellows around than myself. Others have eyes as well as I have. At any rate, I'm mighty glad I didn't make a fool of myself the other night."

He felt greatly depressed in having his dreams dispelled, and turned moodily into the library, forgetting for the time being that it adjoined the parlor.

In entering he struck his foot against a chair, making a slight noise, which had attracted May's attention. He kept perfectly still, thinking he would leave as soon as they began talking; and that he tried to do, but in going out his foot caught in a rug and he fell.

He jumped up thinking to escape (provoked at himself for not having taken time to think where he was going when he entered that instead of some other room), but he only had time to jump behind a small screen and get in an undignified position, when May pushed

aside the portieres and said, "There is some one here; come, girls, let us look." And in peeping from behind his hiding-place, he saw four frightened girls. He was so relieved that he forgot everything else, when the stage whispers attracted his attention; and looking again he saw a sight worth looking at—four Amazons prepared for war, a sight to make the bravest man, not quail, as I should say, but *laugh*.

May carried the gas-lighter, and—the taper being lit—it at the same time was a light and defence; next came Ruth, carrying the tongs—open—ready for use; then Nell, with the shovel held aloft—the poor culprit was so fearful lest they should hear him laughing and thereby add insult to injury; and lastly, Mazie, with the poker held in one hand while the other clutched at the portiere.

One by one they stepped across the threshold and stood timidly looking about them, when Mazie whispered, "do light the gas, May."

"But it is so far away, girls; I'm afraid to. Just think, he might be behind some of those chairs."

"Or under that table—"

"Pshaw! girls, a man cannot hide under a little table like that; besides, there is no cover on it," said Nell, bravely.

"O, I forgot," whispered Mazie.

"Suppose we all go with her as far as the chandelier; you know it is not fair to let May do everything," said Nell.

"I'll stay here and keep him from going out," suggested Mazie.

"All right, 'In union there is strength'—but say, girls," she, whispered, "what if he should be behind those portieres!"

"Oh, oh, oh!" screamed Mazie, running into the parlor.

"Come on, girls, and all," said Ruth, "think of the time we are losing; let us light the gas quick. One, two, three, now light it, and we will stick by you through thick and thin."

May gave one scared look around the room, then lighted the gas, when Mazie gave a little scream and dropped her poker; down went the lighted taper—which was, fortunately, extinguished in the fall; shovel and tongs likewise were left, as one and all beat a hasty retreat.

Moving their chairs near the door they talked in whispers for some time, but everything remaining quiet they thought their scare was all for nothing.

In talking over their plans they soon forgot all about burglars, but Mr. Dumas—in his doubly uncomfortable position as prisoner and eaves-dropper—did not; and it was a great relief when he heard May say: "Girls, let us put out the library gas and pick up our implements of war, for they will soon be home and papa and Mr. Dumas always go in there for a smoke. If they should find the room in that condition, we would never hear the last of it."

Glad to be set free, and knowing that to keep his presence a secret he must enter with the family, he left the house as quietly as he entered it, called a cab, and was at the hall in time to return with the family, to whom he did not mention his adventure.

PART II.

It had been decided that, until their room was fitted up, they should meet at their several homes, and Mr. Dumas had heard them say that the next one would be at Ruth's home.

Mr. Dumas and Ruth's brother Charles were classmates at Harvard, and firm friends. To him—on promise of secrecy—he told his adventure, and together they had a hearty laugh over it.

"I have a scheme," said Charles, after a moment's thought. "You see these smart girls have kept this a secret from every person—not excepting the mater—and no one can understand why four girls, just out in society, wish to meet all alone once a week; and it doesn't matter how good the opera or ball may be either."

"So they've decided not to marry, and we are the only persons who know anything about it! Ha, ha! that's the richest thing out. Now I see no way to make them change their minds except by starting a counter-society and declare ourselves as opposed to matrimony; that is the only way to get their sympathy."

"What do you mean, old fellow?" asked Mr. Dumas. "There was one sensible thing they did, that was to omit

rules; you see they go there and chatter as much as they please, and forget all they said before next meeting. They mean just about as much as the members of the Bachelor's Club did when they organized. It all depends on the right persons coming to an understanding."

"You are right there, and it would be a bad go for me if they insisted on carrying out their threats," said Charles.

"For me, too; but I am glad your choice and mine are not the same."

"Yes, it is best so; now, not to borrow from them too much, we will call ours the Anti-matchmaking Club; and I know of two others who are not disliked by the other young ladies. You know Will Manard and Rob Barker? Well, the former thinks lots of Ruth, and in spite of her big talk she likes him; and as for Rob and Mazie they are the same—we know where *we* stand. What I propose doing is to get you three to come here next Tuesday evening, and I'll see that the library is closed."

"No eavesdropping, old boy; once is enough for me."

Tuesday evening found four merry girls comfortably seated in the parlor in Mr. Mawe's house.

At the same time four young men entered the same house by another entrance, and went up to Charles' room; for Charles had gone out and met them.

"Isn't this a treat!" exclaimed Mazie, as she threw herself into the most luxurious chair in the room; "think of the difference between this lovely room and that stuffy old reception at Mrs. Stanoer's."

"Yes, indeed," assented May; "and only think of what we have missed by not having an evening to ourselves before these."

"Yet," laughed Nell, "how silly we used to be when in school; how we foolishly looked forward to our society days as the only thing worth living for; how we used to envy those stupid Smith girls when they drove past with their 'beaux' and—"

"Don't remind us of our foolish days," said Ruth.

"Weren't they lovely times though," sighed Mazie, "you were all so good to me when I was sick."

"Don't think about anything so gloomy, you little puss; you know we all enjoyed taking care of you—and many a hard lesson I was excused from; so you see I am the one to thank you," said Ruth.

"Well, when it comes to the plain truth, I like society as well as most girls; but when it means being out nearly every night 'until broad daylight,' and go shopping in the morning or calling in the afternoon, with but little time for sleep, I can't stand it," said May.

"Sister Merl thinks we are a set of stupid," said Mazie. "Why, she actually gets *cross* when she has to spend an evening at home, and I always breathe a sigh of relief when she gets an invitation, for then we all know she will be in a *lovely* humor."

"Shame, Mazie!" exclaimed the girls, laughing.

"What irritates me most of all," said May, "is to listen to the silly nothings so many of the men say, such as 'How utterly chawming you look to-night, Miss May.' I told that Mr. Stone that he would oblige me by pronouncing my name as Harland instead of Hawland. You should have seen him. Another comes along and simpers, 'Ah, deah me, you do quite take a fellah's breath—quite the queen.' I didn't wait to hear any more. Stupid things, they say the same thing to everyone."

"Now, May, are you not a little harsh in condemning all because a few are that way? You know the circus has its clowns to amuse the public, so why should not society have the nearest approach it can with respectability?"

"I do not mean to call society a circus, but as the members of society enjoy the jokes of the clown—not because there is anything instructive in them—so we must bow to the inevitable and endure society's clown (the dude), who really does add to the amusement, at least, of society in general."

"Listen to her ladyship, the champion of the dude! Long may he live for the amusement of society in general, but the Anti-Matrimonial Club in particular," and they all laughed merrily.

Did the walls echo? Was the house haunted?

"What was that?" whispered Ruth, as they looked at each other with scared faces. "I let the gas burn in the library for—"

"I smell tobacco smoke," whispered May. "Oh, what can it mean?"

"I am sure I saw Charles leave, and surely he couldn't have brought any of his friends—"

"Horrors! Don't mention such a thing," whispered Nell. "Let's go and see."

"Dear me! If Charles has heard us he will never stop teasing me," said Ruth, with a doleful face.

"Just stop him by telling him we think he is a dude," said Mazie.

Four girls, from whose faces all smiles had disappeared, cautiously drew aside the portieres and looked into the library, and there, sitting in easy chairs, were four young men, quietly smoking.

A little scream from Mazie apparently disturbed their thoughts, for Charles jumped up, saying: "Someone must be hurt, let us go and see what is wrong;" and, throwing his cigar in the fire, he stepped to the door and drew aside the portieres.

There they all stood a few seconds, then the ridiculous struck them and they all laughed heartily.

Ruth felt real vexed, and said: "I thought you were out; you did not tell me that you expected company this evening."

"Nor did you tell me about yours, my sweet sister. Now that we are here, though, I must say it would be well for us to discuss plans—"

"What plans—and about what?" demanded Ruth.

"Well, we will tell you if you ladies will either kindly invite us to go in there, or if you will draw your chairs nearer the door, for—"

"Come in and make yourselves comfortable," said Ruth; "and now tell me what mischief you have been into."

"All right, Mother Superior, let me begin, though, by first introducing the members of the Anti-Matrimonial Club to those of the Anti-Matchmaking Club."

"What do you mean? Who told you," asked Ruth in astonishment; and

the four girls showed the embarrassment they felt, as they looked askance at each other.

"You see," spoke Charles, "we came in and went up to my room, but as you won't let me smoke there, I suggested that we come to the library. As we entered we heard some one speak about the dude and the Anti-Matrimonial Club; now do you want to ask any more questions?"

"Well, I don't know but that we do," said Ruth. "How do you know that we have such a society? and how does it come that you too have one?"

"We know what we know; our object is to protect ourselves from maneuvering mammas and the great variety of chaperons. If I may be so bold," said Maynard "what is the object of yours?"

"To protect ourselves from dudes," answered Ruth defiantly.

"Suppose we unite our clubs as they are so similar," suggested Charles.

"We might for this evening," said Nell.

"We will try not to be *dudes*, if you detest them so much," said Rob, looking hard at Mazie.

"And none of us are *widowers*, Miss May," added George Dumas, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

"And I can give you full information as to how to furnish your new headquarters, as my brother was one of the members of the late *Bachelor's Club*," said Will, glancing at Ruth.

"And I will help Miss Nell keep order without *rules*," said Charles.

"Who has found out about us? Why, I do believe they know everything!" exclaimed May, ruefully, as she looked at the three girls, all of whom felt as badly as she did.

"I should offer an apology and explanation at the same time, for something unintentional on my part," said Mr. Dumas; and in a few well chosen words he told them about his early return—although he did not, of course, tell why—and how he had intended leaving as soon as he discovered where he was; how the four Amazons kept him a prisoner—all was so graphically described that the girls forgot their embarrassment and joined in the general laugh.

The next morning, as May came down stairs, she met Mr. Dumas, who said: "Miss May, I would like to speak with you. I hope you have forgiven me for acting the part I did and will forget all about it."

"That is all right," laughed May. "I suppose you were quite as much frightened as we were, although you would not admit it."

"Well, I must confess you did terrify me when you came in the room, especially when you shut off all escape. But that is not all I wanted to say. The business which brought me here has long been finished, and I must return in a day or two. Before I leave I want to tell you that I love you, and want to know if I can look for some in return. I—"

"But the girls—" said May, not daring to meet his gaze.

"You know there are no rules, and even if there were, I am too deeply in earnest to let anything come between us. Give me the promise, if your heart bids you. Will you be my wife, little May?"

Just then her parents entered the room,

but not before he had heard the almost inaudible "Yes."

A year has passed by; the lumber room, which was to have been the headquarters of the Anti-Matrimonial Club, is a lumber room still.

May made her confession amid many blushes, and much teasing from the girls. They did not blame her, and promised to act as bridesmaids.

The next to make a similar confession was Mazie, who said, "Rob teased me so that I had to take him to get rid of him."

One evening Ruth came in with a doleful face and said, "Well, girls, I just could not help it, and if Will was not the very nicest man I ever knew, I would not have thought of saying that little 'yes.'"

"We will have to change the name of our club," said Nell, "for I won't stay and keep it up. I promised Charles that if you all deserted me I would make him miserable by saying yes."

There are now four houses furnished and occupied by four happy couples, who have had numerous reunions of what they now term the Matrimonial Club; only the original members of the two defunct clubs being admitted.





A THORNY SUBJECT.

BY ANDERSON SMITH.



BUT it in the garden—it is good for slugs."

Our directions were carried out, and yet, in spite of wire-netting and anti-rabbit arrangements, it could not be seen next day.

We muttered, "Where could the critter have gone to?" and took no more thought as to its movements.

Two days after, having ascended the wooded knoll in a meditative mood, with hands in pockets and mind still farther away, we were aware of a presence.

That, *being aware of a presence*, is a strange feeling not always easily accounted for, even when, as in this case, it was no ghostly visitor. Yet the gloaming was approaching, and, if anything eerie were about the graceful knoll, it ought to be making up its ill-regulated mind to show itself. For a time we allowed our sight to drift dreamily along the ridges of hills, behind which the sun was sinking in disorderly array, as if it were drawing its night garment over its ordinary rig, in that peculiar state of mental obfuscation denoted by its very red nose.

What is that little terrier about?

The peculiarity of the animal is, that

it never gives tongue except at a beggar. It might hunt up anything from a hare to an elephant, but would not bark at it. If it were not thoroughbred, with a pedigree as long as one's arm, we should set it down as the lengthened product of a poacher's careful training.

Let us see what it has got now! And so we dawdle through the long grass to find "the presence" in the shape of a hedgehog. The dog does not at all understand its capture—if capture it can be called, when all the terrier can do is to roll it over with its paws. Every dog, however thoroughbred, cannot "open" a hedgehog, and we fear it will require habit, as well as pluck, before they will take to it kindly. We carry piggy down and lay it on the gravel walk, but it does not repay any amount of patience in waiting, and we ultimately send it back unopened to the garden enclosure.

But again it escapes, and we wonder what can have been the great objection to the well-filled garden, or the greater attraction outside, that withdrew it from our observation? All we know is, that it is off!

Another day elapses, and there is a general beating up through the under-wood for eggs; the hens are laying away, and the sharpest eyes in the household are searching every nook and cranny.

About halfway up the wooded slope, under the shade of a tree, but not really under the root, is a great heap of leaves and gathered moss. Can ducks or hens have chosen this spot for a joint incubation? The discoverer pounces upon it with avidity, and rashly pulls the top

from the gathered coil. There lay the secret of the hedgehog's escape!

Four youngsters, with well-developed spines, lay in the snug retreat, beside the shoe-brush of a mother, and not one of them would uncoil, or trust in any providence but the reversed pin-cushions they carried about with them. A little hollow



FOUR YOUNGSTERS, WITH WELL-DEVELOPED SPINES.

in the earth, and a great gathering of nice dry leaves and moss and grass as a covering. No wonder the mother declined to be kept enclosed, with these animate burrs anxiously awaiting her arrival.

Once or twice the nest was visited, and it soon became an object of interest; but upon a further visit no sign of occupants could be anywhere seen.

We had recourse to the aid of the terrier, and without a sound or the smallest circumlocution it went for a hole higher up the bank. There the mother had evidently conveyed the family, having become alarmed for their safety; and a great mass of leaves and moss had already been gathered in the new retreat. This was snuggler than the last, better protected, and deeper in the earth, which had been considerably excavated.

Again a day or two elapsed, and when next we sought the nursery nothing but the heap was to be found. But the terrier now knew our wishes, and after steadily beating a considerable stretch of ground, where the creature had been rooting with its pig nose for beetles and insects, the terrier crossed our boundary and made for a neighboring marshy bit of ground, where it was soon again roll-

ing along the prickly ball, with a peculiar puzzled expression in which a sense of exasperation was markedly present. It seemed to say, "I *did* see you running like a reasonable beast, and *now*, why! there is not even your pig's snout to lay hold of."

There was no doubt at all that it was most exasperating, and as we lifted it carefully and carried it back to its den, rolling it down the hill amongst the gathering of stuff, the terrier decided the game was too unsatisfactory, and at length refused to accompany us longer on such purposeless expeditions.

We afterwards returned to the den to have a peep, and see if the lady had really left her second retreat; and there at the verge of the gateway we noted the snout of one of the young, that was prospecting on its own account. We watched it for some time as it rooted about, but at length it caught sight of our figure and, turning, crept upwards and inwards amongst the roots, which had been further excavated, and where we did not choose at that time to disturb its meditations, lest it should be driven from the vicinage.

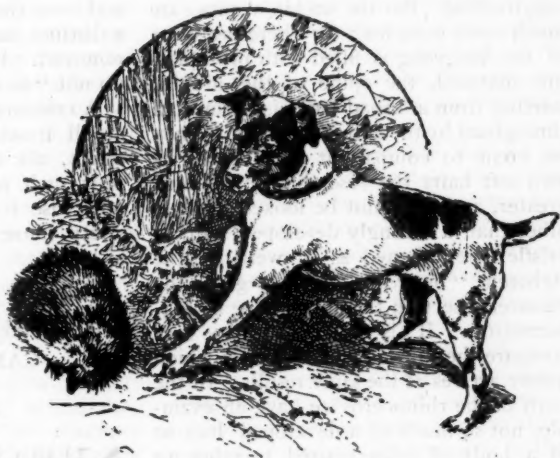
Had it returned alone to its late residence that it might enjoy the advantage of its parent's labor and foresight? This was a question that greatly exercised us, as we had come to the conclusion that the old hedgehog was extremely shy and would not again return thither, more especially as the youngsters were approaching the time of self-dependence. So we were soon back at the spot, having again coaxed the terrier to accompany us. The hole, however, seemed untenanted and we allowed the terrier to beat the ground. A youngster was soon found which we managed to secure ere the dog could open it, which it would have done, despite its fully stiffened prickles, sharp as needles. Having handed this one over into safe custody, the dog again went on the trail, and after

a more lengthened chase, in which for a time it followed the windings of the little creature in search of insects, it pounced upon a second youngster. This time, although the pricklepig must have thrown itself promptly into a ball, the dog would have opened it most certainly, as it was screaming like a child ere we could follow through the fence to its rescue. Its heart beat almost audibly, and occasional great sighs of pain showed how sharply the terrier must have treated it. The dog had sought to lift it and bring it to us; but, receiving such severe pricks, evidently lost temper and "made for it."

We have noted the cosiness of the nests made by the hedgehog; but what other creature would gather such a nest! There the story of the princess and the roseleaf is reversed with a vengeance, for the leaves included a considerable number of the dried leaves of the holly! And yet the under part of the hedgehog is soft and silky to the touch, and there is an evident sensitiveness as if its nervous system had congregated away from its prickly side. On the other hand, each prickle is capable of muscular movement. If our little friend is not alarmed, and we lift it gently on our knee, the prickles lie along the back, the little snout, so exceedingly mobile, goes working incessantly, and there is no difficulty in handling it. But if the small fellow is suspicious, and only keeps his piggy eyes clear to watch you, every particular spine doth stand on end as in the case of the fretful porcupine! Then you do not wonder that this little denizen of the hedgerow is the only living creature over which the fairies have no power. Riding on a rail would indeed be trifling punishment to riding on a hedgehog, more especially with it in a fretful mood. Then even if one were to fancy a hero saddling such a steed out of bravado, the sudden

contraction into a ball and rolling down a "fairy knowe" would knock the boldest rough-rider out of time. So the fairies have resolved to leave it alone, and no halo of imagination surrounds it.

It gets the blame amongst other villainies of being a great destroyer of eggs, but our nest was almost "cheek by jowl" with a duck's nest, and the duck seemed sitting undisturbed and unalarmed. Certainly in this case no injury had been done. The stories of battles with rats and other worthy foemen may be true enough, but such incidents have not come under our cognizance. Indeed, to us little piggy is an innocent enough creature, trotting about mainly in the dusk in a quiet jog-trot way, rooting everywhere for worms or grubs, and anything but a formidable antagonist. How one lay in wait for a rat at a corner of a wall, and, rolling itself up, dropped suddenly upon the foe and broke its back; how a man lost his half-grown ducks, and found



"THE DOG DOES NOT AT ALL UNDERSTAND ITS CAPTURE."

a hedgehog stealing them in the dusk and devouring them; how they suck milk—of which they are especially fond—from the cattle reclining in the fields, are all told with more or less substantiality. What a creature, human or inhuman, will not do under peculiar circumstances it would be hard to say; but the normal

condition of a hedgehog is not specially blood-thirsty. What the principal enemies of a hedgehog are we do not know, but should imagine that birds of prey of the larger class would be best able to give an account of them. The sharp nose of a hungry fox does not hesitate at a hedgehog. They can flatten themselves out and pass through an opening that seems impossible to the round ball we commonly come upon. The foot of the creature is well adapted for scraping, but it does not seem to use it much for this purpose, as the claws are sharp and it can climb wonderfully, the limbs having a long stretch for such a low-set animal. It approximates, perhaps, more to the badger than to any other animal, making its home similarly under the root of a tree or some such protection, out of which hole, where it lies curled up, it would appear impossible for the boldest terror to draw it. The spines taper from both ends, and swell out in the middle, and resemble in transverse section the spine of a sea-urchin in so far as both are segmented longitudinal. But the urchin's spines are much more complex; for where the spine of the hedgehog is filled with protoplasmic material, the spine of the urchin, starting from a broad base, is permeated throughout by the living organism. When we come to compare it with one of its own soft hairs the resemblance is much greater, and it cannot be looked upon as other than a strongly developed hair or bristle, strengthened as it swells by the eighteen "buttresses" that give the transverse section the appearance of segmentation. It is interesting to thus compare the differing methods by which nature arrives at the same results. In the horn of the rhinoceros we have an example, not so much of a developed hair as of a body of hairs matted together to produce a thrusting instrument sufficiently powerful to withstand the weight of such a heavy animal.

But little piggy, with its soft hairs running through bristles into prickles, only knows that its developed hairs serve it for a defence; and it has found out further that they will not defend it from the strange creature that carries it off and plays with it! Its love of liberty pro-

tests against such tyranny as this great creature exercises in the control of its movements, and so it seeks on every occasion to retire upon its second line of defence and creep into a hole! It has no objections to take its bread and milk, eating with the outward movements of a pig, and drinking with unseemly sounds: but it hankers after rooting amongst the moss and hunting its prey, even pouncing upon and devouring the wild bee if it comes within range. Like the pig in subjection also, it is never satisfied until it gets into the dish with all feet. Out of place, indeed, in the daylight it seems to feel, and from our knee it makes a rush all over us, hunting for a pocket in which to bury itself.

The gypsies are said to be particularly fond of hedgehog, and to prepare it by coating it with clay and cooking it, the prickles and outer skin coming away on the clay when the baked ball is broken open. We cannot believe, all the same, that it is a dainty dish at any time. The odor of the animal is harsh and strong, and even the cooked meat is not without a distinct smell and flavor not readily removed. We have eaten hedgehog, but do not "hanker after it."

A creature gentle and apparently not at all irascible, the hedgehog has, no doubt, the instincts towards its natural prey such as might be anticipated, but otherwise it is not militant, and seeks safety more in seclusion and its armor of lances.

HOW NEBUCHADNEZZAR BECAME PRESIDENT.

EDITH DICKSON.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR was a large Maltese cat with a beautiful white shield-shaped spot on his breast. He also had one white toe.

From his early youth Nebuchadnezzar exhibited an unusual thoughtfulness. He never was known to chase his tail or to indulge in any of the frivolities which are the delight of ordinary kittens. The unfailing calmness and serenity of his disposition and the dignity of his manner

were a source of great pride and satisfaction to his mother, who used to tell her friends she was sure her Nebby would sometime be a distinguished cat.

Nebuchadnezzar belonged to a large family. First, there was his mother, who was disrespectfully called by the people with whom she lived, the old cat. Then, there were his two older sisters, Spittie and Fluffie; the first, named from her bad habit of spitting; the second, from the peculiarity of her fur that resisted every effort to smooth it, and stood up in little patches. Next, there was Fluffie's kitten, Achilles, who was about the age of Nebuchadnezzar.

Achilles was a young rowdy. He was bad-tempered and quarrelsome and caused his poor mother a great deal of anxiety. At the time of my story Fluffie had also three little kittens that were as yet without names.

Just at this time there was a great excitement among all of the cats of the country. They had concluded that they needed a better form of government. Numerous conferences had been held to devise some plan for securing better order. It was fondly hoped that a national union would enable the cats to withstand more successfully the attacks of their enemies, the dogs, and to prevent the cruel slaughter of young kittens by human beings.

After various forms of government had been thoroughly discussed in the assemblies, it was finally decided that a republic would best suit the free and independent spirits to be governed, and a great convention of cats was called to elect a President.

Our family of cats were greatly interested in these events. The old cat, whose wisdom and estimable character made her highly respected, gave nightly harangues from the back fence. In these she set forth the duty of every cat to be unselfish, and to cast his vote at the coming election as he thought the interests of his country demanded.

While the old cat was giving this wise advice, Spittie, who had made up her mind that she would like to be President herself, went around among her acquaintances trying to win them over to her

views. She was a handsome cat, but her beauty was her only attraction, for she was empty-headed, selfish and vain. She said to her friends that in her opinion it was very important to elect for President a cat that was fine looking and had graceful manners; for she thought to herself, "if they do that there is none that will stand a better chance than I."

Fluffie was so occupied with the care of her family that she had but little time to think of public affairs; but she some times snatched a few minutes at night, when the kittens were asleep, to run out and learn the news. When she heard of Spittie's ambitious aspirations, she sharply rebuked her for her vanity and presumption.

Through these exciting times, Nebuchadnezzar went about in his usual quiet and thoughtful way. He was too modest to talk much, but he listened attentively to the conversation of the older cats, and he did a great deal of thinking.

When the time came for the convention, the old cat, Spittie, Nebuchadnezzar and Achilles, all attended. Fluffie was obliged to remain at home with her kittens. So she put Achilles in his grandmother's charge, telling him to be good and not to disgrace the family by any misbehavior.

The place selected for holding the convention was a large field where there would be no danger of interruption. Promptly at the appointed hour of opening the convention, the cats came to order. A venerable tortoise-shell cat was made chairman of the meeting.

In a few introductory remarks he said, that the importance of the work which they were to do that night could not be overestimated; and that future generations of cats would look back to this as to the most memorable occasion in their history. In conclusion, he announced that nominations for President were in order.

Immediately, a spotted yellow and white cat jumped on to a stump and, in a loud voice, said he proposed to nominate for that position a cat whose reputation for bravery was unequalled, and with whose achievements in war they were all familiar. He closed by naming

as his choice, Blackie, a gigantic, jet black cat with yellow eyes.

This nomination was seconded. Then another cat arose and said that in his opinion they did not want a warlike leader. They needed a ruler that knew how to preserve peace. Such a one he said, they would find in Thomas Malta, a cat renowned for his wisdom and prudence. Besides, he had the merit of being of pure Maltese descent and everyone knew that the members of that family were superior to the black cats.

At this point he was interrupted by spits and growls from all the black cats present. Blackie lashing his sides with his tail, with his great yellow eyes gleaming, and uttering frightful cries of rage, sprang toward the bold speaker prepared to take vengeance upon him on the spot, but some of the more prudent ones restrained him, and, at length, order was restored.

Snowflake, a beautiful white cat that was a general favorite, was also made a candidate. Spittie, much to her chagrin, could not find any one to nominate her. All looked with contempt upon the silly, vain thing.

After the nomination of the different candidates, they proceeded to the election. When Blackie's name was called, the cats wishing to vote for him took their places on the top of a high fence, where they sat until they had been counted and their number recorded; then they came down, and Thomas Malta's name being called, the cats voting for him arranged themselves on the fence.

In this way the number of votes for each candidate was ascertained. Then it was found that Blackie, Thomas Malta and Snowflake had nearly the same number of votes. The choice of a majority of all present was required for an election, and as no one had that, they were obliged to vote again.

The second vote resulted in the same way. Blackie was a little ahead of the others; still he had only a little over a third of the total number of votes, and more than half was necessary for his election.

Two or three more ballots were taken

with the same result. Then it was decided to adjourn for half an hour and consider what should be done.

Accordingly, the meeting broke up and the cats gathered in groups to discuss matters. Great excitement prevailed on all sides. High words and even scratches were exchanged between the parties of the rival candidates.

During the recess Nebuchadnezzar accompanied his mother as she went from one group to another, urging the cats to come to an agreement, and proposing, since all the candidates were of acknowledged merit, that they should draw lots for the one that should be their president. To this they all refused to consent. Blackie's friends would never vote for Thomas Malta or Snowflake; those favoring Thomas Malta were fixed in their determination that neither Blackie nor Snowflake should have their votes; while Snowflake's party were equally persistent on their side.

At last a wise old cat said the only way of settling the matter is to find a new candidate. "All three parties," he said, "must agree to give up their favorites and unite on a new choice. Thus no side will be able to triumph over the other, and all will be satisfied." To this all finally agreed.

So when a new candidate was to be found, the minds of both old and young naturally turned to Nebuchadnezzar, and when the convention was again called to order he was nominated for President. When the vote for him came to be taken, such a rush was made by the entire body of cats present, that the fence groaned and shook under their weight. Some that could not find room on the fence in their eagerness to vote, swung themselves on the tails of the cats above them.

It was unnecessary to make a count. Evidently, Nebuchadnezzar was elected by an overwhelming majority. Then for a few minutes there was the greatest confusion. Young and old mewed and mewed at the tops of their voices. Some ran up and down the trees, others rushed madly around.

Thus Nebuchadnezzar became President of the cats, and at the present time he still remains in office.



CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

A PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE FIELD FOR WOMAN'S WORK.

A WOMAN GARDENER.

SINCE the first woman wrought such woe in the first beautiful garden, it devolves upon her daughters, as a matter of retribution, to make their gardens all over the world as fair and bright as may be; to get from them for the world's benefit beauty to delight the eye, sweetness to feast the palate, all the nourishment which plant-life can give to human, and since the labor is worthy of her hire, all the health and pleasure and profit that flower, fruit, or vegetable gardens can be made to yield.

That health is an almost sure reward for daily outdoor exercise I do not need to argue in these days of enlightened hygiene; the pleasure derived from the gardening depends upon the gardener's love for "green things growing;" and upon this also depends the last, but very important consideration, profit. For without a genuine love for plants she can never anticipate their thousand little crying needs and wants in order to profitably supply them.

Although women have been successful in all the branches of horticulture, floriculture seems peculiarly adapted to them, and its branches of cut-flower work and decoration chime in well with their natural artistic ability, for they are usually more at home among flowers, and more enthusiastic about them than men are. Often the prosperous florist owes almost his entire success to his wife, an artistic, keen-eyed little woman, who can com-

mand her own price for any piece of floral decorative work. It is the women of society who will have, and must be pleased with floral arrangements and flowers, and a woman can best divine their tastes and interpret their orders. Gentlewomen of fallen fortunes, whose lives began amid flower-decked ball and reception rooms, and whose tastes in decoration has thus been cultivated, make this a paying business, even when they must buy flowers and rent plants of florists, or when they have nothing to do with the supply, but to go to houses merely to plan arrangements and superintend their artistic finishing. And the woman who cannot enjoy this kind of work more than the monotony and confinement of sewing or teaching is a queer conception.

In the nice, careful work of budding and grafting roses, shrubs and fruit-trees, the pollenization of flowers, and in seed-saving, woman's supple, sensitive hands soon grow skillful, but physically few women are able to do the spading, hoeing and heavier work of gardening, and this fact is a bugbear to them when their thoughts turn longingly toward it as a loved occupation which might yield a living. But it must be remembered that not many masculine owners of gardens do all such work themselves; the day laborer or hired man is as much their mainstay as he must be to women gardeners. Brain to direct the brawn offered so eagerly for even moderate wages is what the gardener must depend upon for success.

If questioned as to the greatest difficulty with which they must contend, I

know that most women would confer that distinction upon the day-laborer—sometimes the lack of him. But I have not found it true that "this class of men, as a rule, do not like to work for women, unless they are given *carte blanche* and allowed to do exactly as they like;" nor that "to stand your ground like a man and have your work done as you want it, is to pose as a shrew before the public, and be called 'a woman hard to get along with.'" In gardening, as elsewhere, tact will straighten many such crooks, and a woman who knows what she wants and how she wants it done, is not apt to have trouble with her help. It is the wavering, the changing of plans and the doing over again which men dislike. Some of them will even come to you and say: "Bein' as you're a woman, I thought I'd do your work first and let the other fellows wait."

For a woman who has but little experience in floriculture and but little capital to back her efforts, it is better to begin gardening, for profit, in a small way, with modest appliances and whatever garden space may be at command; it never pays to go in debt. For the first year or two she may not make much money, but while she loses nothing, she will gain everything in the way of experience for managing larger areas and a diversity of plants. There are horticultural annexes to quite a number of the colleges now, and here would-be women gardeners receive good practical training.

It is all very well to laugh with the world at the flimsiness of the horticultural columns in some of the daily papers, at Bill Nye's bitter experience in grafting the doughnut on the pie-plant, and at Mark Twain's famous agricultural editorial, which began with "The guano is a fine bird;" but a thorough and thoughtful reading of the best practical and conscientiously edited horticultural journals is very helpful to beginners, as, also, is a careful study of such books as Peter Henderson's "Gardening for Profit," "Practical Floriculture," and Hunt's "How to Grow Cut Flowers."

Although a modern, well-equipped greenhouse is usually beyond the reach of the average woman at first, this by no

means debars her from flower-culture for profit. In almost all the larger cities there are women who make a comfortable living, at least, in the flower trade. Some of them own greenhouses, but the majority do not. Some have flower-stands on the street corners, in the corridors of great theaters, and wherever there are large public gatherings. Some sell flowers to the street fakirs, and carry on a general flower and plant commission business. Others still have stores, large and small, where they retail the flowers and plants brought daily from their own little gardens in the suburbs. Good judgment in the selection of stock, and a quick eye for popular fads in plants and flowers are also essential to both gardener and florist. There must be plenty of white flowers for weddings and funerals and Easter decorations; smilax, ferns and asparagus galore for wreathing and bouquet green; a heavy stock and a fine assortment of bulbs for the profitable autumn season, and a stock ditto of blooming chrysanthemums. Decorative foliage plants of all sorts are very popular just now, and it pays to keep large specimen plants, such as palms, ficus, dracaenas, etc., to rent for room decoration. In springtime the seed-trade should be very profitable to a woman who conducts it well. Packets of pansies, sweet-peas, asters, cosmos, and the like, will sell so rapidly that there will be trouble to keep them in stock. It pays better to buy good seeds at a high price from the best seedsmen and specialists than poor ones at a low price, both for one's own garden and for selling. There is still more profit in making a specialty of one or more flowers yourself, devoting much time to their culture, and growing them better than any one else; the Messrs. Eckford, Griffin and Chater are examples of the paying reputation which this kind of work gives.

Wealthy people who leave the city for the summer often have fine plants which they wish cared for, and will pay a good price for an attendant. Again, in winter, people who do not wish to be troubled with the care of plants which were largely cultivated by nature in summer, are glad to have them stored or cared for until spring at a profitable price.

The winter trade in cut-flowers is generally good, chrysanthemums, roses, carnations and fine white flowers taking the lead, and the sale of good plants for winter bloom is also large. One of the best advertisements for any stock of plants which has been largely propagated for this purpose is a fine, handsome, old specimen plant of the species, in full bloom, placed in the window.

There is more health in outdoor country flower-growing than in indoor city flower-selling, but the city seller may have a "little place in the country," and a little shop in town. Or, city lots can be laid out in flower-beds in summer, hot-beds and cold-frames in winter; the south side of the house converted into a conservatory and flower-store for little expense, and the market—is at the doors.

FOR THE WORLD OF RELIGION.

WORDS OF THE WISE MEN AT THE WORLD'S
PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

THE twentieth century is to build up its civilization on ideas, not on things that perish; build them on spiritual truths which endure and are the same forever; build them on faith, on hope, on love, which are the only elements of eternal life.

The twentieth century is to build a civilization which will last forever, because it is a civilization of an idea.—Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, Boston; Christian.

Never are we more like to God than when we cause the flowers of joy and gladness to bloom in souls that were dry and barren before.—Cardinal Gibbons; Christian.

Creeeds in time to come will be regarded as indeed cruel barbed-wire fences, wounding those who would stray to broader pastures.—Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, Chicago; Jew.

The adoption of the Golden Rule by all men would banish crime, and convert earth into a paradise.—Prof. D. G. Lyon, Harvard University.

Learn to think without prejudice, love

all beings for love's sake, express your convictions fearlessly, lead a life of purity, and the sunlight of truth will illuminate you.—H. Dharmapala, Ceylon; Buddhist.

Neither in Scripture, nor in nature, nor in church, nor in prophet, is the spirit of God realized in His fullness; but in man's soul, and there alone, is the purpose of God fully revealed.

He who has found Him there has found the secret of the sonship of man.—P. C. Mozoomdar, India; Brahmo-Somaj.

An impression which is very distinctly made upon the mind of the voyager around the world is, that Christianity is entirely and absolutely different in its motive power, its purifying influence, and its uplifting inspiration from any and all other religions with which it comes in competition.—Rev. Frances E. Clark, Boston.

There is no true moral improvement based upon a purely ethical culture.

The world was never renovated,—the world would never have been renovated by the ethical codes of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus.—Rev. John F. Mullaney, Syracuse; Christian.

When people pretend to a friendship for religion while they show only an interest in its outward ritual we deride their pretense. These are the people of *religiosity* who are not people of religion.—Rev. E. E. Hale, Boston.

It is God's intention that there should be a sufficiency for all, and it is the duty of each and every one to see that God's intentions are realized. God's will is, that those who have an abundance of good things for themselves think of those who are in want; think of them as brothers and sisters of the same family; and, when they refuse this universal charity they lie in their prayers when they look up at the sky and say: "Our Father, who art in Heaven."—Archbishop Ireland, St. Paul.

Christianity is morality looking Godward. Morality is Christianity looking manward.—Rev. Geo. Dana Boardman, Philadelphia.

If pain had not been attached to injurious actions and habits, all sentient beings would long ago have passed out of existence.—Rev. Alfred W. Momerie, London; Christian.

Religion must teach that the wealth of the world will be rightly distributed only when every man shall have as much as he can wisely use to make him a better man, and the community in which he lives a better community; so much and no more.—Rev. Washington Glad-den.

All the vast mechanism of any scheme of salvation or religious hierarchy becomes powerless and insignificant beside the hope in a single human soul.—Thos. W. Higginson, Cambridge.

The "best of men that ever wore flesh" toiled in the shop with chips and shavings about his feet and the implements of his trade on the bench before him; so entering into sympathy with the cares and struggles of the workmen.—Rev. D. J. H. Burrell, New York.

Wealth only provides a severer school for the higher virtues of life.—Prof. Peabody, Harvard University.

The human family started from unity, from one undivided treasury of primitive truth, and when the separation and wandering came, they carried with them what they could of the treasure.—Bishop Keane, Washington.

"T. K. N."

FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.

AT one of the leading eastern colleges there is a small and admirable society whose conditions, if they could become universal would at once begin the reign of peace on earth. This society works so quietly that the outside world even in that college hardly knows of its existence, it has no celebrations, no fund for expenses, no badges or signs of membership, beyond this, that when its laws are violated by a member any other member who happens to be

present holds up a warning finger and says "*T. K. N. remember.*"

These initials signify "True, Kind, Necessary," and each member engages to say nothing about any person that is not true, kind and necessary.

People are walking the streets of every city in the world to-day, a multitude no man can number—you and I cannot go down town without meeting some of them—whose hopes are slain, whose ambitions are blasted, whose affections have been betrayed by *mere words*, untrue, unkind, unnecessary *words*.

To pause and reflect before speaking evil of another, and to be silent unless convinced that it is true, kind and necessary so to speak, often involves a painful degree of self-control. It establishes an interior confessional in which we answer to our God every moment for our treatment of our neighbor.

The girl who formed the little band of aspirants toward a higher life, acknowledged that for the first week she felt as if she had taken a vow of silence. Just think what this confession implied: that a large part of a well-meaning, amiable maiden's daily conversation had hitherto consisted of personal criticism which was either untrue, unkind or unnecessary! How far we are yet, even the best of us, from right living!

From being a small local affair, why cannot this society become national like the King's Daughters? Now that it is brought to the ear of the public, let us hope that recruits will volunteer.

No promise can be made that it will always be pleasant to feel under an obligation to speak only the thought of a fellow creature that is true, kind and necessary; even the wish to do this, attended by frequent slips and failures, supplies a degree of moral development attained by a comparative few at present. The choice morsel of scandal, the witty answer, the "capital hit," will often have to be sacrificed, but as the years go by and the past becomes an inseparable companion, it will be a more general and loving friend, its record will sweeten and brighten more lonely hours under this rule, strict as it may seem, than any other. Who will join the "T. K. N.?"

SPRING CLEANING.

HERE we are well into April, and the time for our annual eruption draws nearer, ever nearer. Oh! what a business it is, and how the heart sinks at the prospect; but it has got to be done. The cleanest housekeeper knows it, as well as the one who allows things to slide as easily as possible until the grand turn-out.

We know without looking; indeed, we do not look, because we know what a fine lot of dust there is on the top of that halfstever and behind that wardrobe. So we will begin quietly to clean out our drawers and cupboards, putting in clean paper and sorting their contents, many of which will find their way to the old-clothes shop or rag bag or waste-paper bag. Then we must go and look after the servants, and see that they clean their kitchen drawers and cupboards, especially those nice dark ones so dear to the heart of the cockroach! An extra dose of soft soap will be wanted here, as well as some Keating's Powder spread about, and the doors left open to admit the light and air. Then up we mount to the top of the house—"Oh, what a getting up stairs!"—and take down all the curtains, shake them and brush them and put them away till next winter; then up come the carpets, and off they go to be beaten; down come the pictures to be dusted, and the glass washed and put out of harm's way. Then the blankets are taken off the beds and sent to the wash, if we have a sufficiently large supply to take their place; if not, they must go one by one to the weekly wash. Now is our opportunity to have dangerous sash-cords replaced with new ones, cracked window-panes ditto, new door handles or finger-plates screwed on, holes at the back of the gate cemented or puttied; in fact, all those odd jobs done which are so apt to accumulate in the best regulated households. Then comes that lovely sweep, whose unearthly noises give you a faint notion of the lower regions. Next the white-washers, paperers, and painters, or, if they are not needed, the walls are rubbed down with a stale loaf, and all the dust

collected; and we must tug out that wardrobe if we die for it, and dust the bedstead, and sweep the floor, and polish the grate and wash the paint, and scour the floor with soft soap (not making it too wet, or the ceiling of the room below will be adorned with yellow patches), changing the water three or four times in the course of the proceedings. Then we clean the window with a newspaper or a damp chamois leather, polishing it with a hard linen cloth. And when the floor is quite dry, we put down the carpet, and put up the clean white bed-hangings and window curtains, hang the pictures, and polish the furniture, then shut that room up as cleaned. On we march triumphantly, cleaning each room to the basement until everything is as clean as a new pin. And, lastly, what a washing of dirty cloths and brushes, and what a pleased grin there is on everyone's face to think our spring cleaning is done and our neighbor's is not!

A BIT OF GOSSIP ABOUT FLOWERS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE catalogues of the florists are coming in thick and fast, and every one of them rouses a longing for summer in the hearts of flower-loving people, and straightway he or she sets about making the pleasant, if perplexing, task of selecting seed for next summer's garden.

Let me give you a few hints to help in making a selection. Do not go in for many of the "novelties." These are generally much more expensive than ordinary seeds, and as they are new, you do not know whether you are getting the worth of your money or not. Of course the florist will give them a glowing description, from the reading of which you will be sure to think that you can hardly do without some of them; but—take the florist's description with a liberal grain of allowance. The florist is intent on selling his wares, the same as any business man, and he brings them to your attention in a manner calculated to coax you into buying them. I am sorry to say that

some florists, who ought to be ashamed of themselves, do not confine themselves strictly to the truth in giving a description of a plant. Wait a year or two before ordering "novelties" about which you can learn nothing except what the catalogues say about them. If it is worth growing, a novelty will prove its merits in a short time. Wait until this is done. If it has little or no merit you will not be likely to find it catalogued after the first year.

But, about a selection. Do you want something that will make a brilliant show? Use phlox and petunia. They bloom early in the season and up to the coming of frost. Ten-week stock is a good late summer and fall bloomer. Sweet peas will be required in every garden where beautiful and fragrant flowers are wanted. For hedges or back-grounds for other flowers, use the zinnia. Asters bloom very late in the season, and on that account are extremely useful, and few flowers are more beautiful. If you want something for a low bed which is exposed to the sun, nothing will give more satisfaction than the portulaca. If you want a screen for porch or window, use the good old morning glory. For edging beds use candytuft or sweet allyssum. Of course you will have mignonette for fragrance. And be sure to include cal-

liopsis if you want a bed full of brilliant color.

HARDY CARNATIONS.

The greenhouse carnation is a favorite with every lover of beautiful and fragrant flowers. The wish has often been expressed to me that we could grow them in the garden as easily as the old "grass pink," which is a member of the carnation family. It is true that double pinks are and have been grown in the garden for years, but they have lacked size and variety of color, and on that account, as well as that of a comparatively short blooming period, they have been considered inferior to their more aristocratic relatives.

Some three or four years ago a new strain of hardy carnations was introduced. These were the forerunners of the Queen carnations, which are sent out this year by L. L. May & Co., of St. Paul, Minn., for the first time. The Queen carnations are as large and of as fine a form as the greenhouse carnations, as double, as sweet, and come in quite as rich colors. They bloom the first season from seed, and with a profusion that leaves nothing to be desired. Those who love beautiful flowers cannot afford to overlook this novelty, which has the merit of being all that is claimed for it, and more—something not usual with the "novelties" advertised by most dealers.





NOTES FROM PARIS.

THAT we are approaching the era of draperies is no longer to be questioned, but this will not make any difference with the amount of dress goods used, as the underskirt will be faced, requiring about the same quantity that recent styles in gowns have needed. Fancy dresses sent over as models to designers and importers show pointed overskirts, or trimmings imitating their effect, while others are long and draped *a la Grecque*, being lifted slightly on one side to show the contrasting fabric beneath. A few skirts of heavy fabric are made simply with a deep hem and worn over a silk petticoat, but leading dressmakers say a lined skirt sets better. Clusters of ruffles and flat trimmings such as folds, pipings, gimps and braids are fashionable. A novel way of edging a dress-skirt is to put a role as thick as the little finger at the extreme edge, covering it with velvet. A monster piping—in fact, this is newer than three wadded strips of velvet braided together, though this braiding is still used and liked. To make this trimming look its best, the skirt has to be *slightly* stiffened to the knees. The extremely neat double and triple pipings, which finished the edges of gowns in our grandmothers' time, were specimens of the delicacy and finish of all needlework done in those leisurely days. Even the deft tailor-finish of *fin de siècle* pipings and cordings have not quite their same dainty appearance.

Sleeves are still made exceedingly

wide—no longer the least upraised but drooping—the large cape-collars and sleeve-caps still further depressing their fullness. This is a change very easy for the modiste to effect; the original fullness being already there to work upon, the readjustment of the shoulder pleats and the removal of their stiff lining making the necessary difference, the prevailing bretelles, revers, or collarette and sleeve-caps quickly bringing the bochee into an up-to-date model of the most approved outline and style for spring.

Skirts of dove-colored coating, gored on the front and sides, are worn under the long covert coats of Russian blue, dark-green or claret-colored cloth that are made with large-topped sleeves and Puritan collar elaborately braided. These coats are double-breasted with semi-loose fronts and closely fitted back. The skirts flare considerably and are open up the back. They are finished inside with heavy lining satin, and there are two rows of old silver buttons on the front.

A number of the imported models of tailor gowns show the back of the jacket cut with flaring basques with fronts in Eton shape opening on a soft corded silk waist, under the belt of which is an added basque which has somewhat the effect of a short circular overskirt or tunic. This is a style becoming to all slender women. On some gowns this basque is sewed permanently to the belt, on others it is adjustable, and when added converts a house gown into a street costume.

Shirt waists, with a tailor-made dress skirt, is not to be abandoned, and manu-

facturers are already preparing a great variety of waists for next season. Just now for day wear they are being made of old rose cashmere and petunia, green, crimson and pink India wool, as soft as silk. These are almost invariably trimmed on the revers, epaulettes and sleeves with very narrow rows of black velvet ribbon. More expensive waists in serpentine shape are made of a great variety of silks and satin, striped with old gold, vieux rose, ciel blue, silver or black. Among new coats for spring adapted for youthful wearers are those in three-quarter princess shape, with inserted folded vest, large sleeves and folded velvet girdle. Many are finished with velvet shoulder capes and they are made variously of myrtle and moss green, brown and marine blue ladies' cloth. There are besides fancy French creations, showing novel and artistic mixtures of smooth and rough woolens, with velvet cape collar covered to the depth of eight inches with bead passementeries in elegant Persian color-schemes.

Pretty jacket bodices, open in front, prevail among the more youthful of the spring gowns. These are made in various ways, but instead of having a separate blouse, as during the hot months of the summer, they are now in one piece, a fitted lining being trimmed to represent a vest or shirt-waist. The waist proper is then fastened permanently upon this in the form of a jacket. The short Directoire waist, with immense revers and cape collar, is still used by Felix for dresses of wool bengaline and camel's hair and the popular Persian wools in changeable effects. The back is usually seamless, stretched over a fitted lining, and is slightly pointed, then edged with velvet or galloon, or both, which serves also as a border to the loose jacket fronts. Revers of the dress goods are sometimes stitched along the edges, while others are bound with illuminated galloon. Rough-surfaced bourette woolens in which several colors are woven—the background for example tan color, with red, green, brown and blue threads interwoven upon it—form jacket bodices with serpentine vest of golden tan-corded silk, ribbed heavily and taken bias. Two bands of

brown velvet, divided by narrow galloon, edge the jacket, the neck, collarette and wrists of the leg-of-mutton sleeves. The circular skirt is bordered by double rows of the velvet and galloon. Simple dresses of soft vicuna, grayish blue and black tweeds, or of sacking, made with a round waist, are turned back in great revers of the fabric doubled, from a vest of Muscovite silk in heavy reps, braided with black and silver. The revers are edged with a bias-piped fold of the Muscovite silk, and, starting from a point at the waist, they widen out to fall in wavy epaulettes over the full sleeves, crossing the back as a collarette. A standing collar of the Muscovite is braided to match the vest. Wide girdle folds of the silk have the ends pointed above and below, in front and back.

That challies will play an important part in this year's gowning is conclusively proven by the large and beautiful assortment already placed in the foreign divisions of various importing houses. Among these are really lovely patterns showing silk stripes, flowered grounds, in shaded silk, and dots in soft colors of rose, mauve, reseda, etc. There are also shown a superb collection of sheer Jacquard crepons, Coburg grounds with small fancy figures, glorias in shadow effects, canvas cloths with woven figures in hop-sacking, and silk and wool pointelle with dashes and and dots of self-colored silk threads. Diagonal Fantasie is another of the spring favorites. It comes in shades of navy, green, brown and black, and in irregular wavy weave. Vigoreaux beiges have small, pretty Jacquard figures. Iridescent diagonal serges have cut velvet figures, and then come serpentine serges in dark colors, waffle-figured crepons, ombre bourettes, changeable whipcords, camel's hair goods, with the brand of the India manufacturers, beautiful in quality—and in price also—and French and American makes, plain in color, or with hair-line stripes of white. Scotch cheviots that have flaky and knotted surfaces, and for special uses, an attractive importation of Persian effects, the real colors in the designs so beautifully blended as to make them look like hand-painting.

Petunia continues to be a very popular

color, the pinkish rather than the purple red of the flower being favored. A cloth gown of this color has the skirt ornamented with rows of silk stitching only, the front of the bodice being of folded faille silk of the same shade as the cloth, dotted with gold spots. The collar is of velvet, as also are the slashed puffs of the Queen Anne sleeves, which show glimpses of the dotted silk between the slashings. A pretty costume of petunia Venetian cloth has a velvet yoke and sleeves. The full-skirted coat has a collar of pale chamois cloth overlaid with row upon row of jet and petunia silk gimp, and the overdress is lifted to show a skirt band of the chamois cloth similarly trimmed. A striking gown has a round waist of petunia red cloth braided all over in black and gold with full drooping sleeves of black satin with a skirt of black satin banded with bias-satin folds

insertion, and insertion stripes put on at both sides for the collar part, the length of these, meeting at the back, being

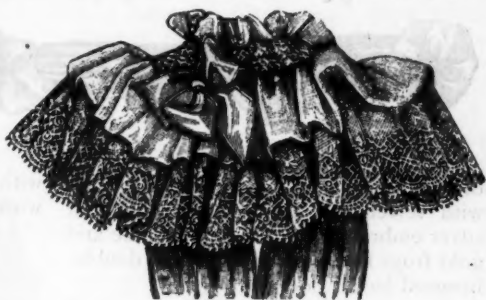


FIG. 2.

regulated by the size of the neck opening where the upper edge is gathered in somewhat and finished off with a puff 2 in. wide of blue silk gauze. Puffed frills made of stripes of gauze $47\frac{1}{4}$ in. long and $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, folded the length and gathered up close, edge insertion-stripes along the lower edge where they are couched on frills of guipure lace $7\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide (1 yd. 19 in. for each side). Gathered gauze parts each $23\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide, join this collar part and finish as scarf ends, crossed under bow of blue satin ribbon, and trimmed at the top with rosettes of gauze. Button fastening at the back.

The gathered waist-band shown in Fig. 3 is made of a stripe of satin 10 in. wide joined at the end so that the stuff lies double. Each of the four rosettes requires a double satin, if made of a light color, or stuff stripe $19\frac{3}{4}$ in. long, and 2 in. wide. Fancy trimmings of this kind will freshen up an old house dress, and are easily made.

This dainty waist is made of cream surah, trimmed with guipure lace 2 in. wide. It is lined with cream sateen, the fronts being cut in one and trimmed with seven rows of insertion before being joined to the lining. The insertion being stitched on at both sides at the edge, the stuff cut open in the middle



FIG. 1.

more than half its depth.

One of the features of this year's dressing is the number of dainty additions one may make to one's wardrobe in the shape of fichus, odd belts and the like. Two of the former shown here

are made as follows: The pointed bib part 12 in. long in the middle and $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide above, made of rows of guipure

and is hemmed down. The quantity of material required for the waist is 4 yds. $19\frac{3}{4}$ in wide.

A charming gown, shown in Fig. 5 is

A pretty morning jacket is shown in Fig. 8. It is a close-fitting bodice, with full basque, in either deep green corduroy or diagonal cloth, enhanced on the bodice



FIG. 3.

of navy-blue Cheviot cloth combined with velvet, and set off with gold and silver embroidery. Graduated blue and gold frogs fasten on the side the double-breasted jacket bodice.

A very stylish mourning gown is

with a double row of embossed buttons, with smaller ones on the peaked gauntlet



FIG. 4.

shown in Fig. 6, and may be made in any material desired, henrietta and crepe being one of the most satisfactory combinations for this style.

Fig. 7 shows a charming gown for spring, which may be made of almost any desired material.



FIG. 5.

cuffs in the same material, as also the pointed revers and double falling collar.

A picturesque evening bodice is shown in Fig. 9. This is a semi-low bodice, with balloon sleeves and circular puffing

with a black satin crossband. Bodice to match, with short basque and a fan-shaped puffing in red satin. Red cape, with fluted flounce, finished off with a neck ruffle in black satin, from which depend two long and wide ribbons to correspond. Hat in black velvet, ornamented in front with a huge bow and Prince of Wales feathers.

A pretty and novel style of dressing gown is given in Fig. 11. A great charm of this gown is that it can be slipped on in a moment. It is so shaped in front



FIG. 6.

in figured silk, enriched with a gold and rainbow embroidery on the stomacher; also on the sailor-like collar in a lighter shade of satin, which corresponds with the double-fluted basque. The latter are plain, and bordered with tinsel galloon.

A stylish walking costume is shown in Fig. 10. Bell skirt in red cloth, bound



FIG. 7.

that it only requires to be crossed over and the cord tied. This will keep it together. A large hook and eye can be

placed under the revers, to keep it close at the neck, if wished. It can be made in one of the new fancy flannels, and the facings could be in plain flannel to cor-



FIG. 8.

respond. A more dressy gown can be made in cashmere and silk. The gown takes 6 yards of double width material, and can be lined or not.

STYLES IN HATS.

In pursuance of the general tendency, millinery is also quite a matter of individual taste, and we constantly notice, quite eccentric styles of both hats and bonnets, alone suiting their wearers' ideas on the subject. Fashion is at present comprehensive enough to allow the greatest variety in millinery.

The smallest of bonnets, with just a flower standing up in the middle, or immense hats with brims bent in almost any shape, are seen side by side with the simple felt, trimmed with one or two wings, or the plain flat toque with its one stiff feather. We show in the accompanying illustration, Fig. 12, a new model, uniting several styles, inasmuch as the small wing placed over a blue velvet bow at the back of each side, below the brim, makes the back view almost like a bonnet, whilst the front upper trimming, of two large wings and velvet rosettes, is the regular Amazon style. The feather cape worn with this hat has a more soft and fluffy effect than fur; it is made of glossy blueish feathers sewn, in regular over lapping rows, on a stuff foundation, and lined with light silk. This cape offers a great contrast to the general make inasmuch as it is cut just to fit round the base of the neck, leaving the trimmed collar of the dress bodice, with its large buckle, to be well seen above its plainly bound top.

The tiny bonnets, now universally worn, were first seen as a sort of head-dress, worn with a high bodice, in the boxes of a fashionable theatre. And they were a truly pretty finish to either a young or older lady's evening dress. A little gold passementerie and lace, an osprey tuft, and perhaps a bunch of vio-



FIG. 9.

lets, is all that is required to make them.

Another very effective style of trimming is shown in Fig 13. The hat is of

black velvet, trimmed with white embroidery and osprey feathers.

The style of trimming with a buckle is shown in Fig. 15. A very becoming and also very stylish way, is to use a



FIG. 10.

buckle, much smaller and as nearly square as possible, to hold the aigrette in place. In this case, however, the hat should be entirely black.

FANCY WORK.

The novel idea of uniting single key-boards, card-holders, and the like in one long panel is both original and practical.

We give an excellent example of such a universal holder, in the accompanying illustration. The board for the purpose is 32 in. long by 8 broad, and instead of the usual plush covering, it is ornamented with scorch-work and painting. In the centre comes a flat leather pocket, cut in one piece, 7 in. broad and 6 in. deep, and fastened on by a sort of lattice work, of narrow strips of leather and fancy nails. The leather is ebonized and bronzed previous to being fixed to the board, and the top background is scorched to match, but leaving room for the lighter frame work going all round. As regards the other parts of the panel, the natural looking flowers are left to stand out from the darkly scorched background, and then painted in red, blue, or yellow oil colors and the whole is finished off with a border of red and green squares.



FIG. 11.

Strips of leather ornamented with scorch work, and secured by fancy nails are placed on the different divisions according to their intended purpose, and pretty



FIG. 12.

bronze hooks are inserted for hanging keys, scissors or other useful little things. Two bronze rings suffice for fixing this



FIG. 13.

panel on the wall, of either the general sitting-room, the dining-room, or near the desk in a gentleman's study, and

modifications may be made to suit its exact use and place.

Embroidery and enamel ornament are one of the handsomest and newest productions in fancy work. The writing case we illustrate, is made of bronze colored moiré, interwoven with gold threads embroidered with brown, olive-green and lilac cordonnet silk, chenille and gold cord, but the leading feature in the work is the addition of various sizes and shapes of enamel ornaments, stitched on through ready-made holes. The combined effect of the silk and gold threads with the bright enamel coloring is highly artistic. The whole piece of silk is half a yard long by three-quarters broad, and is doubled to leave the back plain, whilst the embroidery on the front measures 13 inches high by 9 in. broad. The narrow border on three sides consists of two



FIG. 14.

lines of gold cord, sewn on with over stitches, with gold knots between, and a row of olive chenille on each side, but the broader edge from which the ornament springs is filled in with chenille network. The leaf part of the ornament is worked in close stem stitches and edged with gold-cord chenille. The enamel plates are heart-shaped, shell-shaped, like small stars and in long pieces, according to the requirements of the pattern. The turnings in over the gold brown satin lining are as narrow as possible.

The charming pin cushion shown in our illustration is nearly 9 in. square and covered with light, blue Indian silk, the full frill going all round is cut on the straight, and is $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. broad and rather over two yards long. The doiley selected for the middle is done in olive-green and

pink openwork embroidery, edged with gold lace. It is fastened on the cross upon the top of the cushion. The doiley is one of the doileys made of Bosnian

more colors. It consists of five fancy stripes, put together by four plain stripes of the same width. The entire robe is made of shells of four trebles. Each

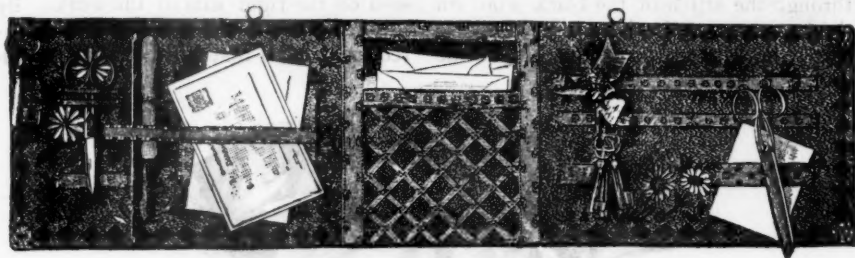


FIG. 1—FANCY WORK.

now to be bought at such a moderate linen with the threads drawn out, and worked in the most elaborate designs,

shell is worked between the second and third trebles of the shell below—that is, shell in shell.

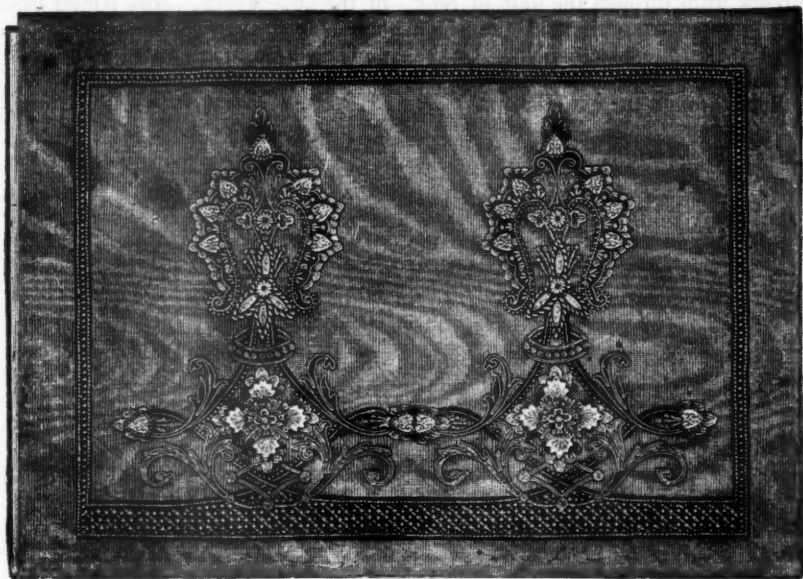


FIG. 2—FANCY WORK.

price, that it is scarcely worth while to make them at home.

The following directions and illustration of a slumber robe may be of use for some of our readers who like to be always busy:

NEW DESIGN FOR A SLUMBER ROBE.

This robe may be crocheted in two or

. The fancy stripe is made as follows: In this stripe the colors are black and pink. With the black wool make a chain of 40 stitches. 1st row: In every third stitch of chain make a shell of four trebles. In the 40th stitch make one treble, chain 3; turn. There are 13 shells in a row.

2nd row: Make 1 black shell, working as directed above, between the second and third treble of the shell below. Take the pink wool, draw a loop of the pink through the stitch of the black wool on the hook; carefully tighten the black so that it holds the pink firmly. Make one

The wool must not be broken, but carried on the wrong side of the work from one color to the other. This can be done neatly and the threads cannot be seen on the right side of the work. By following the illustration, these few directions are all that will be found neces-



FIG. 3—FANCY WORK.

pink shell now in the same manner; bring the black wool through the loop of pink wool; tighten so as to hold the black firmly; make one black shell. In the same manner change from one color to the other through the entire strip.

sary. The plain stripes consist of strips of the same width. Any border desired may be placed around the robe; a border crocheted in crazy-stitch will make a neat finish.

Nellie Andrews.





WHEN I AM GONE.

MAY PHILLIPS TATRO.

When I am gone from my accustomed place,
And no one here again shall see my face,
I wonder how those who have known me best,
Those who have clasped my hands—my lips have pressed,
Will speak of me, when on some dark, sad day
With folded hands and silent heart, I go away.

When I am gone, will one heart grieve sincere,
And for my memory drop a single tear?
Will there be written sadness on some face
Because I am no more in my accustomed place?

The pleasant rooms where I have lived my life,
My home—shut in from all the world's wild strife,
My dreams and hopes have reared their castles here,
And every nook and corner to my heart is dear.
The flowers that bloom for me so fresh and fair,—
Will these dear blossoms miss my loving care?

Perhaps some child whose eager, pattering feet,
Have hastened oft my outstretched arms to greet,
Will lay a flower beside my quiet face,
When I am gone from my accustomed place.

My many faults so harshly judged to-day,
May be forgiven when I go away;
Or, if remembered, some kind, gentle friend
May with her judgment lenient mercy blend,
And say, "They were mistakes, she did not mean them so;
She tried to do her life work well, I know."



PUBLISHERS PAGE



OUR APRIL OFFERS.

We feel considerable gratification over the result of our efforts to obtain attractive goods for our readers at a low price. Our aim has been, and is, to offer our subscribers bargains in articles of value. Bargains, because we are able, as large buyers, to obtain the goods at low prices; this, and the fact that we offer them to our readers at a lower price than they can possibly be purchased elsewhere constitute the "bargain."

The seeds sent out will be of the best varieties, pure and fresh with full cultural directions. They are obtained from a large grower and importer, who makes a practice of testing the germinating power of each variety before the seeds are put in packets.

Popular Melodies contain one hundred and forty-five choice selections of music, both vocal and instrumental. This music was selected by one of America's finest critics, and his taste will surely meet the favor of the music-loving public.

In the Atlas of the World we offer a book which should be in every home. It is one of those books about which one feels he can hardly say too much in its favor. It is published by a wealthy concern who had every facility for turning out immense editions of it, the only way in which it could be published and offered at the low price named. We ask the reader to favor us by reading the detailed descriptions of these premiums printed elsewhere in this issue, for we know they will then appreciate the efforts

we are making to obtain for our friends the best articles at a low price.

Yes, we know "the times are hard," and that "money is scarce," but it must be remembered that in such times every dollar does the work of two or three, so that you are getting more for the money you have to spend now than ever before.

Remember also that a little of your spare time is all that is necessary to obtain one or more of our attractive premiums for yourself and introduce the delights of ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE to your friends.

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DOBBINS' Electric Soap has been made for 28 years. Each year's sales have increased. In 1888 sales were 2,047,620 boxes. Superior quality, and absolute uniformity and purity, made this possible. Do you use it? Try it.

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Safes in competition, World's Columbian Exposition, awarded 10 medals and 10 blue ribbons, one for each exhibit, over all competitors. New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati.

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A RAINY DAY

in Spring demands an umbrella large enough to protect the whole body and strong enough to defy the storm. So Spring maladies demand a medicine powerful enough to expel the impurities and to thoroughly invigorate and vitalize the blood. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**, after fifty years of trial and competition, stands supreme as the leading blood-purifier. Everywhere, in city and country, **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** is the standard. It is the medicine in which the public have the most confidence—the one used by their fathers and mothers—the one upon which the World's Fair Directors bestowed the highest honor, granting permission for its exhibition, to the exclusion of all patent medicines and nostrums. In using this medicine, people discover they are getting the worth of their money and that it is the kind they need.

Ayer's ^{The Only} Sarsaparilla

Admitted at
THE WORLD'S FAIR.

AYER'S PILLS

Are the best aperient. Prompt and energetic in their action, the use of these Pills is always attended with the best results. Their effect is to strengthen and regulate the organic functions, being especially beneficial in the various derangements of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. **Ayer's Pills** are recommended by the leading physicians as the most effective remedy for Biliousness, Nausea, Costiveness, Indigestion, Sluggishness of the Liver, Drowsiness, Neuralgia, and Sick Headache, and were accepted for exhibition at the World's Fair.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889,

AND THE AWARD AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.



A DISAPPOINTED BOY.

I want to be President of these United States,
But how to go about it is a point that aggravates.

So many folks have got it in so many different ways
That I can hardly settle as to which one of them pays.

I tried to never tell a lie; in fact, it seemed to me

That, on the whole, great George's plan was just the plan for me.

I chopped a cherry-tree in half, and went and told my dad,

But the result, I must confess, was very, very sad.

Then Jefferson I studied up, and wrote a document

In which my independence I declared to some extent.

Alas! Alas! The same result. I handed it to pop,

And he began a licking that I thought would never stop.

So then I took another tack, and looked about for slaves

That I could give their freedom to before they sought their graves.

The only slaves that I could find upon my father's place

Were all of them of equine and the gentle bovine race.

I set 'em free, as I designed, and then my father led

Me out into that charming place known as the fuel shed.

He took me firmly on his lap, my face toward the floor,

And very soon the rafters split while echoing my roar.

And so I've given up the scheme of seeking public place.

Ambition, after all, is but a disappointing chase.

And if down at the Capitol my name you never see,
You'll know that private life has most decided charms for me.

—Harper's Bazaar.

THE salubrity of the climate of Minnesota is universally conceded. In the opinion of one Dr. Murphy, it is superior to that of California or any other State. On one occasion he remarked:

"Look at me! Behold my rounded form! When I came here I weighed only ninety-seven pounds, and now I weigh two hundred and seventy-five. What do you think of that?"

A young gentleman of the vicinage, standing by, said: "Why, doctor, that's nothing. Look at me. I weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and when I came to Minnesota I weighed only six pounds."

He rather had the medical man.

SMART BOY.

A teacher in one of the public schools was drilling her children in music.

"What does it mean when you see the letter 'f' over a bar or stave?" she asked.

"Forte," answered one of the pupils.

"And what does the character 'ff' mean?"

There was a short period of forgetfulness on the part of the children, then one of them shouted triumphantly, "Eighty."

AN ENGAGING CONVERSATION.

Bashful Suitor: "What would you consider an engaging conversation?"

Quick-witted Maiden: "Well, if you said to me, 'Be mine,' and I replied, 'Why, certainly.'"

CAN you afford to use nasty, sticky, rosin soap, if you can buy Dobbins' Perfect Soap at the same price? Of course not. Try one bar of it at 5 cents. You will always use it, and no other.



HOLY WELL AT GUAUDALUPE, MEXICO.